

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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Lost in the Fog—The American Fisherman's Greatest Peril

Drawn by Worden Wood

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

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Thursday, March 3, 1904

The Home-rule Nightmare.

IN HIS RECENT interview on the subject of home rule for New York, Governor Odell shows that he understands the subject a good deal better than those who criticise him. Nothing, apparently, came from the Albany conference except a statement by the Governor, devoted, very properly, to an exposition of the fact that the home-rule question is thoroughly misunderstood in New York City.

Thoughtless and superficial political writers, who seem to be controlling factors in some of the New York dailies just now, break out every week or two with a fresh demand for "home rule" for New York, and especially for some kind of patent adjustable home rule that will enable this great city to open its saloons on Sunday, to satisfy the thirsty throngs that come by way of Ellis Island and bring their foreign customs with them. Governor Odell shows that there are in New York 2,700 places, called hotels, where liquor can be legally sold on Sunday. He suggests that it may be desirable to extend the sale on Sunday to restaurants, so that the number of reputable drinking places can be increased and the number of disreputable ones decreased. We believe with Governor Odell that if the question of promiscuous Sunday liquor selling were submitted to the voters of New York City there would be a decisive majority against it, and for that reason the blatant howlers for home rule oppose every motion for a referendum on the question.

Tammany Hall, it is true, has used the home-rule cry most effectively at every election. It has had two purposes—one to stir up the good, but thoughtless, people of New York against the rural Republicans who constitute a majority of the Legislature, and the other to increase Tammany's power to debauch every city department. The *Herald* and the *World* have now both called attention to the fact that when Tammany Hall is given home rule it does not know how to use it decently, and yet these two newspapers and all their city contemporaries fall into line behind Tammany Hall at every municipal election and shout like a lot of lunatics for "home rule." Mass meetings are held to demand of the State Legislature that this city be given "full authority" over its local affairs, and honorable, reputable citizens, who do not stop to think what intolerable conditions this proposition would involve, are beguiled into these gatherings, every one of which strengthens the grip and the grasp of Tammany Hall.

Governor Odell is absolutely sincere in his purpose to give to the city of New York as free a hand in the administration of its own affairs as it or any other city deserves to have. He is not prepared to put the conduct of its elections and of the excise department into the hands of Tammany. He believes that the interests of morality are paramount to those of politics, and that important modifications of the Raines law are needed. Amendments to that law have been introduced accordingly by Senator Raines himself. They require the police, health, fire, and building departments to report, after an examination of the applicant, whether his hotel deserves to be licensed to sell liquor or not. The amendments are stringent and will do away with the immoral features that have made the Raines-law hotels notorious.

This remedial home-rule legislation for New York City is to be followed by other laws to carry out Governor Odell's practical and fair-minded ideas of home rule. The city will be empowered to increase the membership of its fire and police departments, to strengthen its control over the Rapid Transit Commission and to deal with complaints against the gas companies, to fix salaries of the vast army of city employés and, in fact, to control the administration in all matters which do not endanger the welfare of the State at large. Whether these liberal measures of one of the most broad-minded Governors this State has ever had will satisfy the clamor for home rule or not, remains to be seen. That they ought to satisfy it, every right-minded citizen of New York must concede. Those whom

this does not satisfy are not worth considering. Their place is in Tammany Hall, whether they are on its membership list or not.

What would be the situation of New York City if Tammany Hall had absolute control over excise matters, the granting of franchises, dock and ferry privileges, and civil-service reform, and if there were no recourse to the Legislature in emergencies? Put such power in the hands of Tammany Hall and we would have a saturnalia of bribery, debauchery, and vice. The whole city would be turned into a red-light district, with no relief unless the people rose in revolution and secured it at Albany from the despised "hayseed legislators."

As Governor Odell has pointed out, New York City now has power to manage its own finances, to grant franchises, and to exact adequate compensation therefor; to control its streets, fix the hours and wages of its employés, and to do what almost every other city of the State is empowered to do. Under the State excise law, the Governor shows that the city of New York receives yearly \$4,000,000 more than it did under Tammany's home-rule excise law which it seeks to have re-enacted. Ex-Senator Miller recently called attention to the fact that New York City is the unit and the State of New York the body politic, with constitutional power to create municipalities, and that every privilege the cities of the State, New York included, now enjoy comes under the seal of the State, and that all the people have a right to voice an opinion about the government of our cities.

As to the conduct of our elections, Governor Odell says with truth that it is the State's concern to safeguard elections in a great city and to secure an honest count, because upon the vote in New York City the result in the whole State largely depends. If the absurd outcry of Tammany Hall for home rule were complied with, conditions would obtain which prevailed during the time of Bill Tweed, when Democratic leaders up the State were asked to withhold their returns on election night until Tweed could figure up how large a majority was needed in this city to overcome the rural Republican majority. Are we to go back to such conditions? We trust not.

Senator Hanna: the Typical American.

NO MAN of the present generation had more strikingly exemplified in his character and public service those qualities which enter into the make-up of what we may justly call the typical American than the late Senator Hanna, of Ohio. His whole career from boyhood up to his latest days was marked by a singleness of purpose, a strength of will, a concentration of thought and energy, an irrepressible hopefulness of spirit, and an unwearied devotion to manifest duty which together made their possessor a master of whatsoever line of achievement to which he set his hand. To a person so constituted the very trials, difficulties and rebuffs before which most men lose heart only served as a stimulus and incentive to action, a trumpet call to further battle. The word failure was not in his lexicon, and an occasional defeat was only an opportunity for a fresh gathering of forces for new and larger accomplishments.

It was because he possessed these masterful qualities in an eminent degree that Senator Hanna's life was a series of almost unbroken successes, a steady upward movement from high to higher things. This was true of him as a man of business, as a financier, as a political organizer, as a leader in industrial betterment, and as a statesman. Success came to him in all these capacities not by lucky chance, not by fortuitous combinations of circumstances, but simply because he had in him the elements of character which deserve and command success. Senator Hanna had the material in him of which great men are always made. Had he lived in a land and a time when the business of war had commanded his energies and ambitions, he would have been among the foremost of military leaders. Had his feet been turned into the paths of educational or scientific service, he would have made of himself a power to be reckoned with in the world of learning.

Happily for the political party to whose welfare Senator Hanna gave so many years of unselfish and effective work, and more happily still for the country and the people among whom his life was passed, he chose to be just what he was—a wise counselor, a safe leader, a pillar of unfailing hope and strength in a dark and critical day, and a political organizer unsurpassed by any man of any land or time. The severest criticism passed upon Senator Hanna by his political opponents before his death is that his aims and motives were wholly materialistic; that all that he did or sought to achieve was tinged with the spirit of commercialism, stamped with the mark of the almighty dollar.

This was certainly untrue of his great and lasting service in the conciliation of capital and labor—a cause which occupied much of his time and thought in later years, and the furtherance of which he repeatedly declared to be the crowning ambition of his life. It was equally untrue, in our judgment, of his political career. It cannot and will not be denied that for the magnificent work he did in behalf of sound finance and a protective tariff in the two McKinley campaigns, for his sturdy championship of a constructive and practical administrative policy in our new possessions as against the timid, vacillating, and uncertain courses of his political opponents, Senator Hanna did more than any other man of the last decade to bring about the era of unparalleled prosperity which the country now enjoys and to make the American republic greater and stronger than ever before in the eyes of other nations.

That achievements so high, so noble, and so worthy as these were the outcome of sordid aims and a mercenary spirit, is not consistent with reason. Senator Hanna was not a dreamer, neither was he a political idealist. The country has enough of these. Senator Hanna was what the country needs far more, a man to meet the actual emergencies of the hour; a man for guidance in practical affairs, where cool judgment, shrewd sense, and clear discernment are the factors that make for safety and success. If the possession of such qualities in an extraordinary degree is a mark of greatness—and we think it is—then Senator Hanna was a truly great man. And as such he will be sadly missed, not only by his own party, but also by all the people.

The Plain Truth.

THE ADVOCATES of Sunday opening in New York are met with a timely and valuable argument against their proposition in the recent report of the Board of City Magistrates, where it is shown that of 22,152 additional arrests made last year, 18,770 were for intoxication. That is to say, the figures showing this large increase of arrests in the city last year also show that over eighty per cent. of the increase was attributable to the traffic in strong drink. And these statistics, it is to be noted, are not put forth by a temperance society. Can any rational person believe that the sum total of these offenses against law and order would not be greatly increased by a law opening the saloons on Sunday? It surely does not require that one should be either a prohibitionist or a "Puritan fanatic" to be found in opposition to a measure that must inevitably pile more work on our already overburdened criminal courts and bring gain to no one except the sellers of drink and police-court lawyers. All experience and all observation show that every concession made to the saloon interests counts on the side of crime and immorality, and thus against the interests of society at large.

ABOUT AS bad an exhibition of yellow journalism as we have had in New York City in many a day is that which has nauseated the public by the constant repetition of details of the so-called Dodge divorce case. A woman of unimpeachable character unfortunately found that, because of an illegal divorce from her first husband, her second marriage, honestly entered into, was made null and void. This lady, Mrs. Dodge, was thereupon legally released from her second marriage and, like a modest woman, sought retirement and seclusion. But the yellow journals got after her. They discovered that some one suspected that Mr. Dodge had secured the annulment of the divorce by perjured testimony. The district attorney of New York City suddenly took an interest in the case, and again stirred up the yellow journalists by sending an assistant down to Texas to follow Mr. Dodge along the Mexican border and secure his arrest. While the chase continued, all the details of the unfortunate domestic difficulty were hashed and rehashed in the press dispatches with the genuine yellow flavor about them, no one apparently paying attention to the mortification of the unfortunate woman in the case. District Attorney Jerome's warmest friends and advisers think that there is plenty of much better and more important work for him and his assistants nearer home than Texas or Mexico. Some public officials, no matter how much they may declaim against yellow journalism, have a fondness for making themselves a part of it.

WE MAY expect many idle and foolish rumors and predictions regarding the outcome of the war in the far East, but we shall probably hear none more idle or foolish than the prediction credited to "well-informed" circles in London that "the war will be over by July," with the issue favorable to Japan. Of course no one in London or elsewhere has any good reason for supposing that the war will be a short one except the general reason that the conditions of modern warfare are such that nations engaging in the work of mutual destruction are pretty certain to exhaust themselves and their resources in a comparatively brief time. On the other hand, it is well to remember that Russia has more at stake in this struggle than Japan, and will certainly not yield to her antagonist until her last resource in men and means has been exhausted. Russia is strong, proud, and ambitious, with the prestige gained by centuries of conquest and almost worldwide dominion to be sustained, a standing army of over five millions of men, on a war footing, splendidly disciplined, and equipped with the best weapons that modern military science can afford. Defeat for Russia in the far East would mean not only the loss of territory indispensable to the further development of her resources in eastern Siberia, but of what is far more dear and valuable to her, the loss of her military prestige among the other great Powers of the world, and a blow to her national pride from which she could not recover in many years. For her to be defeated by a comparatively small nation like Japan, a newcomer among the Powers, would be almost as humiliating and disastrous to her standing as would have been the defeat of Great Britain by the Boers. It will be remembered that in the war in South Africa the Boers won the first victories, but it was certain from the beginning that England would win in the end. And whatever may be our wishes and hopes as to the result of the conflict now on in the East, a moment's reflection upon the situation and the comparative strength of the two combatants must afford the conviction that the outlook for Japan, standing alone, is almost hopeless.



PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT



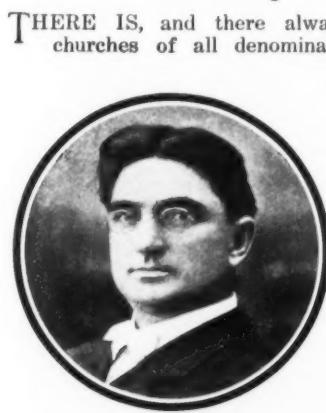
THAT THE German Emperor has a very intimate knowledge of Shakespeare's works is proved in the following story: When "Richard II." was performed at the Berlin Theatre in the presence of the Emperor, William II. sent for Herr Bernay at the close of the performance and said to him: "During the performance, Herr Director, four lines were recited which are not to be found in Shakespeare's works." "It is true, sire; they are an interpolation by Dingelstadt in order to obtain greater clearness." The Emperor frowned. "In future such mutilation must be avoided. One does not play tricks with Shakespeare."

LEADING DRAMATIC critics are agreed that the present condition of the stage is deplorable, and they have been hoping, almost against hope, that there would arise some theatrical manager strong and able enough to lead a reaction in favor of better things. Such a leader appears to have come to the fore in Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, of New York, who lately organized the "Century Company of Players," a stock company comprising nearly fifty well-known actors, with which he aims to revive the honorable traditions of the drama. Mr. Rosenfeld intends to appeal to the higher taste of the community, to present good plays at moderate prices and to give every encouragement to American dramatists. He looks far ahead and hopes that his undertaking will prove the inspiration, if not the beginning, of a national theatre. His is the first practical step taken in that direction, and he aims to show that such a venture, while altruistic in character, may yet be self-supporting. His company on February 22d produced "Much Ado About Nothing" with pronounced success, and there is every prospect that Mr. Rosenfeld's worthy aims will be realized. Mr. Rosenfeld entered upon practical life as an employé of the founder of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. He afterward edited a humorous paper, and later developed into a very successful playwright and theatrical manager.



MR. SYDNEY ROSENFELD,
Who has laid the foundation of a national
theatre.

THERE IS, and there always has been, in the churches of all denominations much agitation as to how to reach men, as distinct from women. The preachers are few who have special aptitude and success in this particular. One of the most successful preachers to men on this continent is Mr. Fred B. Smith, who is a lay preacher and a secretary of the international committee of the Young Men's Christian Association at New York. During 1903 he addressed audiences numbering 66,000 men, 4,200 of whom professed conversion. He is unable to accept one-half of the invitations to preach that he receives. In May, 1903, under the effect of an address by him at the general convention of the railroad Y. M. C. A., over three hundred railroad men decided to begin the Christian life. It is a common experience with him, at State conventions and meetings of local associations, to pledge from fifty to one hundred men to entrance upon the life of the Christian. He is a native of South Dakota, and his career as a religious worker is that of a local and international Y. M. C. A. secretary. During the Spanish-American war he preached in the Southern camps, and was with the army of occupation in Cuba. His peculiar power is rare.



FRED B. SMITH,
The Y. M. C. A.'s most successful
preacher.—*Whinn*.

THE NEW King of Servia, Peter Karageorgevitch, who came to his throne by grace of assassination, is said to be finding his pathway strewn with thorns of a specially prickly and dangerous kind. His course of action seems to be pleasing neither of the factions in Servia—those who think the murderers of Alexander and his Queen ought to be punished, and those who take the contrary view—and between these two stools King Peter may fall to the ground. But whatever may be said to his discredit, his domestic life is in happy contrast with that of the two rulers who preceded him. King Peter is a home-lover, and when his public duties are over he may always be found, it is said, in the



A ROYAL FAMILY GROUP.
The wife and the sons of King Peter of Servia.

companionship of his children. These are a daughter, Helena, now nineteen years of age; the Crown Prince George, aged seventeen, and Prince Alexander, aged sixteen. Prince Paul, a boy of ten, a son of the king's brother Arsen, has been taken into the home circle by adoption. King Peter's wife and the mother of his children, the Princess Zorka, died several years ago. After her death the children were taken to the court of the Czar, where they were educated. Crown Prince George is said to be gifted with the most active disposition of the family. He is body and soul a soldier.

AS THINGS go in English society, it is no light nor small honor to be regarded as a special favorite by Queen Alexandra, yet such is the distinction enjoyed by Mrs. Willie James, the mistress of one of the most beautiful and spacious homes in England, that known as West Dean Park. When Queen Alexandra, as Princess of Wales, paid what was for her quite a long visit to West Dean, the fact created quite a sensation, for it is well known that her Majesty does not care for country-house visits, though, of course, she often has occasion to accompany the King to those stately homes of England owned

by the members of the great nobility. Mrs. Willie James is by no means wholly devoted to society and its doings; she is the mother of a charming group of children, one of whom is the goddaughter and namesake of the Queen. Perhaps her principal hobby is a love of amateur theatricals, and she has taken part in some really celebrated performances of the kind.

IT IS A fact not without its significance that the first naval victory to be won by the contending forces in the far East should be credited to the energy and prowess of a Japanese naval officer who received his education at our naval academy at Annapolis. The victory in question was that won by the Japanese fleet under Admiral Uriu, when it attacked and sank the Russian cruiser *Variag* and the gun-boat *Korietz* off the port of Chemulpho, Korea, on February 9th. According to press reports, the Japanese fleet, commanded by Admiral Uriu on the flag-ship *Izumo*, arrived at noon at Chemulpho and signaled the Russians, giving them five minutes in which to surrender. The Russians ignored the demand, and

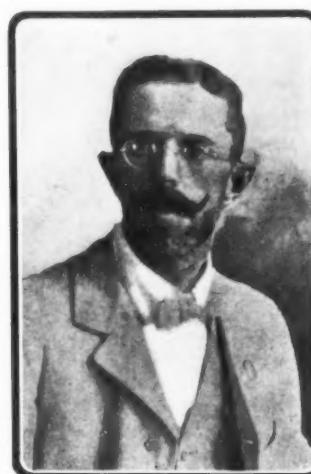


REAR-ADmiral URIU.
The Annapolis cadet who sank the
Russian war-ships at Chemulpho.

the Japanese opened fire. After an engagement lasting two hours, the Russian ships withdrew into the harbor badly damaged, but emerged again a little later and renewed the fight, with the result of having the gun-boat *Korietz* blown up and the *Variag* sunk, with a total loss to the Russians of forty-one men killed and 464 wounded, while the Japanese lost not a man. Admiral Uriu, to whom this remarkable victory is credited, was graduated from Annapolis in 1882. His wife is a graduate of Vassar. He commanded a warship in the war with China in 1894, and distinguished himself at the battle of the Yalu.

WHEN GOOD King Oscar of Sweden and Norway yields up his sceptre at the bidding of a power

mightier than any earthly monarch—as in the course of nature he must soon do, for he is over seventy-four—it will fall to the hands of a man who, so far as all present knowledge goes, will rule no less worthily and well. The Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf must be a son very much after his father's heart, since like King Oscar he takes a deep and hearty interest in religious and literary work, and is most exemplary in speech and conduct. He is also interested in athletic exercises. The prince and his son William are enthusiastic tennis-players, and both played with great skill in the international tournament in Stockholm, when the English players scored so well. The crown prince's wife is the Princess Victoria of Baden, niece of the Kaiser, and she descends from the Wasas, the ancient royal house of Sweden. The handsome Prince Gustaf, the "Sailor Prince of Sweden," was nineteen last June, and went over to England for the coronation with his father, when he won golden opinions by his winning and unaffected manners. He is a relative of Queen Alexandra. Few of the royal families of history ever came so near to justifying, by their worthy and useful lives, the monarchical form of government as have the present members of the reigning house of Sweden and Norway.



CROWN PRINCE GUSTAF ADOLF,
Heir apparent to the crown of Sweden
and Norway.



HON. ISIDOR RAYNER,
The new United States Senator from
Maryland.—*Gatz*.

THE CHANCES that Senator Gorman, of Maryland, will be the next Democratic candidate for President of the United States, small and unpromising as they have been all along, are made perceptibly smaller by the action of the Maryland Democrats in electing the Hon. Isidor Rayner to the Senate at Washington. Mr. Rayner has been the foremost representative of the anti-Gorman wing of the Maryland Democrats, and his selection by a good majority over his two Gorman competitors is capable of no other interpretation than as a direct blow to Mr. Gorman's prestige in his own State, and thus, also, to his presidential aspirations. Although only fifty-four years old, Mr. Rayner has already had an extended experience in public life, and has long enjoyed a national reputation as a brilliant orator and a gifted and able advocate at law. He is a native of Baltimore, and a graduate of the University of Virginia. He entered political life in 1878 as a member of the Maryland Legislature, was afterward Attorney-General of the State, and then served three terms in Congress, from 1886 to 1892. In the House Mr. Rayner made a lasting reputation by his eloquence and readiness in debate and his conservative views on most public questions, including that of the national finances. When Rear-Admiral Schley was under trial before a court of inquiry at Washington, Mr. Rayner conducted the defense, and added largely to his reputation for legal ability and eloquence thereby.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER cultivated what he called the "receptive sense" in respect to music, and was wont to speak with more than a little bitterness of the general desire to be a performer. One pianist who had been chosen to play Beethoven for him was thunderstruck, on arrival at Mr. Spencer's residence, at being asked to render an extract from one of Sullivan's operas. Light music had a charm for the philosopher which light literature never had.



Labor Supply for the Isthmian Canal

By Arthur W. Dunn



BEYOND ALL doubt a canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is to be constructed across the Isthmus of Panama. The work is to be done by the United States government, and it becomes important that every step should be carefully taken to secure the best results. Next to the engineering difficulties to be overcome are those relating to the labor and sanitation; for without reasonable precautions against disease the securing of sufficient labor will be one of the great problems. Up to the present time the minds of the public officials have been occupied with the important questions of the most feasible route, the negotiation of treaties, and the securing of concessions.

With the assurance that the canal is to be constructed at Panama attention will now be given to some other features of the great work which are no less important, but which have heretofore been given only superficial consideration. The laborers to be employed, the method of supplying them with food, and the maintenance of sanitary conditions which will insure their health, furnish a problem which will require the most careful attention of government officials. Captain Hugh J. Gallagher, a member of the general staff of the army, a graduate of the Military Academy, formerly a cavalry officer and later in the subsistence department of the army, has prepared an outline of a plan which may be the basis for procuring the labor and furnishing the men with food.

Captain Gallagher was a major and commissary officer during the Spanish war, serving as assistant to General Weston, chief commissary of the army in Cuba. He was afterward chief commissary of General Chaffee's army in China, and then went to the Philippines. While still in the commissary department he

was sent in charge of the relief expedition to Martinique with supplies for those who survived the Mont Pelée disaster. Captain Gallagher has always been much interested in everything pertaining to the isthmian canal, and has applied his knowledge of supplying men with food in the tropics to the same problem on the isthmus. In the same connection he took up the question of labor, where it was to be obtained and how the right kind could be induced to go to the isthmus and remain there. Captain Gallagher quotes the following from the report of the Walker commission:

"Perhaps the greatest difficulty to be encountered in the construction of the canal will be the procurement of an adequate force of laborers, and the preservation of their health and efficiency." He then states his plan briefly as follows: "The Panama Canal people were finally compelled to rely upon native Colombians and negroes from the British Antilles as laborers. Every one knows that they are indifferent workers. It is my belief that, with proper provisions, Americans could labor and live there; but these provisions should be complete and in good working order before the army of laborers enters upon its work. I would suggest, in hiring men, that a per diem compensation be agreed upon, and in addition to this compensation that rations, quarters, and all facilities to enable them to live comfortably and cleanly be provided by the government. Wooden barracks could be cut out and fitted in the States, and erected at elevated points convenient to the line of labor. These barracks to be provided with kitchens, mess halls, bathing arrangements, closets, beds, and everything necessary to make the men feel at home and comfortable after their day's work. Distilling and ice plants should be erected at, say, three points—Panama, Colon, and some point midway—from which ice and pure water for drinking purposes could be supplied daily.

"The army ration has proven to be a good diet for the tropics, and with some additions that might be required to properly sustain men performing extra hard manual labor, it should prove suitable in this case. Purchases could be made economically, as is done by purchasing commissaries of the army. A depot might be established at Colon or Panama. Fresh meat could be held in the harbor in a refrigerating

ship and sent out daily by rail along the line of labor. Stewards could be appointed, with a corps of cooks, bakers, and waiters at each barracks, to prepare and serve the food. Regular hours for the men could be established, and their habits controlled by police supervision. Hospital service should be most complete and adequate.

"On the face of it, all this may appear extravagant, but in the long run I believe it would prove economical, because men would work for less wages if they felt they were going to be properly cared for, and their health was not in imminent danger. Further, Americans would be willing to go to the isthmus for such work, and the increased amount of work from the individual would be an increment to the general result in saving. As a result of this, too, the money expended for labor would be expended upon Americans, and there would be a certain satisfaction in knowing that the entire enterprise, even to the doing of the labor, had been carried out by Americans.

"All the employés should undergo a physical examination before being engaged. They should be sent to the isthmus comfortably, so as to arrive in good health. Army transports could be utilized for this purpose, as well as the sending of supplies.

"I have endeavored to simply outline a plan, the working out of the details of which will require time and investigation on the ground. The fact that white men under French control could not stand the climate is no proof that they could not under other control. Before our occupation of Cuba and the Philippines it was frequently asserted that our men could not live in those climates. With good food and good care they have lived, and with very little increase in the death rate."

Captain Gallagher's plan has been considered by a number of officials interested in the canal and has been commended. Of course before the Panama treaty was ratified recently, there were no officials whose duty it was to attend to these matters. But the Panama Canal Commission, with Rear Admiral John G. Walker at its head, has now been appointed under the Spooner act and it will take active charge of everything pertaining to the canal, including the problem of labor supply, which will be one of the important factors in the construction of the great waterway.

A New Sport Devised by Fishermen.

ALMOST THE last place in the world in which one would expect to find, in these days of much variety, a new form of outdoor sport, would be some quiet village region on the Long Island coast. Yet the ingenious fishermen living on the shores of the Great South Bay, some fifty miles from New York, have invented a peculiar craft, intended at first solely for their own practical purposes, which now bids fair to be utilized in many a racing contest. To this contrivance has been given the odd name of "Scooter" (derived from the verb "scoot," and meaning a thing that skims along fast), and its devisers are looking forward to the time when scooter races shall be widely popular, and fixtures of the winter season wherever it is possible to hold them.

The scooter is simply a small sail-boat on runners, adapted to glide over ice or water with equal facility, and capable of readily passing from the solid to the liquid, and vice versa. It traverses a field of broken ice with ease, mounting the cakes or dropping into the intervals of water with scarcely a noticeable shock. The typical vessel is about fourteen feet long, four feet wide, and a couple of feet deep. It has a cockpit five and a half feet long and two and a quarter feet wide, in which the one or two men who navigate it sit. It carries a mast nine feet high, and this supports two sails, the bowsprit extending about two feet beyond the hull. The runners, placed twenty inches apart, are ten feet long, one inch wide, and one and three-quarter inches high, and are sheathed with brass. There is no rudder, but the steering is deftly done with the jib, or front sail. A six-foot pike and a pair of oars complete the equipment. An ordinary scooter costs \$15 to \$20, but the price of the finer ones runs up to \$40 and over.

The scooter originated some three years ago. It was designed primarily to enable rescuers to reach stranded vessels through broken ice. Afterward it was found to be of great advantage to men fishing through the ice several miles from home. Formerly these men had to eat cold lunches at their fishing-places. Now they can "scoot" back to their dwellings in a few minutes and enjoy warm meals at mid-day. The scooter also, of course, makes travel to and fro in winter far easier for them than it was under the old method. Naturally the owners of these boats after a while fell into the habit of speeding them, and so informal racing became quite a fad on the smooth ice of the big bay. But it was not until last month that a scooter race was formally arranged and sailed according to set rules, with judges, and for a prize. The race took place near Patchogue, on the Great South Bay. This bay is an extensive sheet of salt water which is frozen over for the greater part of the winter. It is separated from the Atlantic Ocean by a long reef of sand, in which there is only a narrow passage from the sea. It is, therefore, but slightly affected by the tides, the water rising and falling not more than a few inches, causing no apparent disturbance of the ice. The condition of the ice varies from time to time, but on the whole the bay affords an ideal, as well as a spacious, field for the new sport.

For the race referred to there were nineteen entries. Most of the contestants were fishermen, but the others, including the proprietor of the winning boat, were men engaged in other occupations. The

course was a triangular one, on the ice, two miles to the leg, and there were three rounds, so that the distance covered was eighteen miles. The chief judge of the race was Captain Hank Haff, of *Defender* fame. As the wind was light, the time made was poor. The race was won by Captain Still's *Leader* in three straight heats, with Clarence Ruhland's *Vamoose* second. The winner's record for the eighteen miles was 40:28, the fastest round being made in 15:20. In a brisk wind and under other favorable conditions, a scooter will go a mile a minute. The prize was a valuable silver loving-cup, presented by the Riders' and Drivers' Club. The contest was witnessed by several hundred enthusiastic people, and it has been a topic of interest all along the Long Island shore. That the event is to become an annual one, with a great increase of interest in it, there can hardly be any doubt.

The Cinematograph in Surgery.

DR. DOYEN, the eminent French surgeon, has invented an apparatus which is likely to excite considerable interest in the scientific world. The novelty consists of an ingenious appliance by means of which cinematographic projections are thrown upon the screen with the relief which accompanies the object in nature. The utility of the invention consists in the possibility of displaying before the eyes of almost any number of students typical surgical operations in their minutest details and in the most lifelike aspect. Dr. Doyen's invention is still in the elementary stage, and later it is hoped that the apparatus—which gives a stereoscopic projection of the cinematograph picture with all the elements thrown into their proper relief—may be fixed to opera-glasses and used in the same manner. Dr. Doyen has the honor of giving demonstrations of the cinematograph, as applied to surgery, at the University of Kiel at the request of the German Emperor.

New York Is Growing Better.

FOR LACK of a better or more obvious reason, it seems warrantable to infer that the decline in popularity of the annual carnivals of the demi-monde, which formerly disgraced every winter season in New York, is due to a lack of the former recognition and support given these disgusting orgies by otherwise respectable people, which, in turn, seems to afford gratifying testimony to a heightened moral sentiment in the community. We make this optimistic observation cautiously because we are not entirely sure that the toning up of the police force during Mayor Low's administration, with the tendency to check the license once permitted to these saturnalian affairs, did not have much to do with the falling off in their attractiveness. Certain it is that the worst and most shameless of these "balls" were not given at all this season, and the few of the kind that were held are reported to have been unsuccessful. Being ourselves thoroughly committed to the cheerful doctrine that the world is growing better all the while, we shall persist in the belief that this apparent decline in the popular taste for exhibitions of lewdness is attributable not so much to police vigilance as to an improvement in the moral tone of the people.

One Application of a Silly Law.

UNDER THE heading, "Immigration Frauds," a long dispatch appeared in a New York daily recently, giving details of a so-called exposure of a systematic violation of the immigration laws carried on by a certain textile manufacturing company of Rhode Island. The heading and sub-headings of the article, as well as portions of the text itself, would convey the impression that some felonious assault upon the dignity of the United States government and the well-being of the American people had been committed by these Rhode Island citizens, deserving of the severest punishment by the Federal authorities.

It appears, however, on examination, that the whole "head and front of their offending" was the action of these manufacturers in sending a foreman to England to solicit lace weavers to come to the United States by promises of employment in the mills at Pawtucket, where they were needed to take the place of strikers. Details follow as to how this foreman was detected in his heinous efforts to induce a few intelligent and capable workmen to emigrate to the United States; how these efforts succeeded in one case in spite of the lynx-eyed immigration officials at Boston, who allowed one lace-maker to escape to Pawtucket and go to work; how three other lace-makers with the same criminal purpose in view have since been arrested and detained at Ellis Island to be used as witnesses in a prosecution ordered against the textile company guilty of needing more workers in its mills, and still worse, of trying to get such workers in the only place where they could be found.

It is difficult, indeed, to write in moderate language of such an exhibition of government folly and shortsightedness as this case discloses. Of all foolish and unnecessary laws upon the Federal statute-books, we know of none comparable with the contract labor law under which this action is taken. It has always seemed to us a piece of demagogic pure and simple, and has never served any purpose, so far as we remember, except to embarrass the incoming of the very class of immigrants the country needs and of whom it has far too few, namely, skilled workmen and artisans of all grades. Numbers of these have been sent back to the old country, together with several clergymen, teachers, and other professional people who had been parties to the "crime" of making engagements for their services here in advance of their arrival.

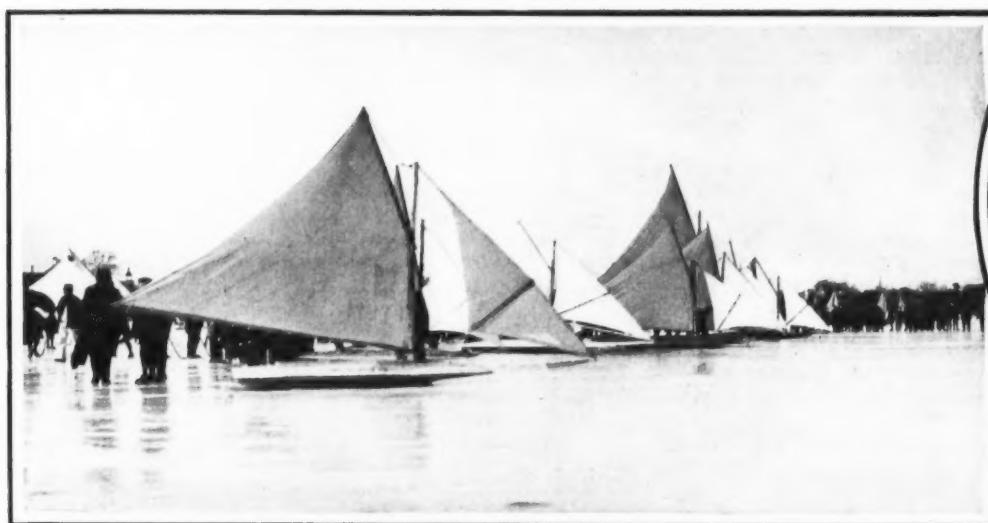
A prominent church in New York was charged, a few years ago, with the execrable offense of importing a rector from England under a salary contract entered into over there, and was threatened with a heavy fine in consequence. In the case of this textile company in Rhode Island and its imported lace-makers, we fail to see how it has done anything worse than to commit a technical violation of an absurd and vicious law, and our entire sympathies are with it in this case. If this sounds like giving encouragement to crime, or like treason to the United States, we see nothing for it but that the immigration bureau must make the most of it. We cheerfully plead guilty to the wish of having more skilled workmen smuggled into the country by some means or other, and fewer unwashed vagrants and illiterates let in at the open door. So many of the latter are arriving that the lump of immigration needs more leavening with the desirable class.



"SCOOTERS" ASSEMBLED AT THE STARTING-POINT, AND PREPARATIONS BEING MADE FOR THE RACE.



A FREAK "SCOOTER," THE RUNNERS OF WHICH ARE UNUSUALLY HIGH.



START OF THE CONTESTANTS IN THE EIGHTEEN-MILE TRIANGULAR RACE.

"SCOOTERS" WHICH TOOK THE HONORS.
AT LEFT, THE "LEADER," WHICH WON THE
RACE; AT RIGHT, THE "VAMOOSE,"
WHICH CAME IN SECOND.

CAPTAIN HANK HAFF AND HIS ASSOCIATE JUDGES IN CONFERENCE.



OVERHAULING A "SCOOTER" AND GETTING IT INTO RACING TRIM.

LONG ISLAND FISHERMEN'S NEW AND CURIOUS SPORT.
FIRST REGULAR "SCOOTER" RACE EVER HELD, SAILED RECENTLY ON THE ICY SURFACE OF THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.
T. C. Muller. See opposite page.



GILSON WILLETS,
Our special correspondent in St.
Petersburg.

and other consuls in the Russian empire, all mail for these United States officials being exempt from any tampering by the censor. But no American press correspondent, no merchant or traveler, no private American in Russia, will be permitted to see this article unless he borrows a copy from our embassy or from one of our consulates. The Russian idea of doing this is, of course, not to keep the truth about Russia from Americans, but from Russians.

The land of the Czar is the most interesting of all countries to Americans to-day, not because of the excitement over the war with Japan, but because recently a high Russian official has openly said, "Americans are not wanted in Russia." The official is M. de Plehve, the reactionary Minister of the Interior, who succeeded M. de Witte as the active head of governmental power. De Plehve's remark, made just as the American business world is planning to take advantage of the discovery that Russia is the greatest promised land of trade and industry, is particularly significant. The remark gives to Russia the hue of forbidden fruit, and therefore we want it all the more.

To finish the subject of how the Russians treat the American press, the statement as to the reception that will be accorded this issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY suggests the treatment of all foreign papers entering Russia containing facts about the empire. One fact, for example, is that conditions are such in the Czar's realm that even the Associated Press does not always tell the whole truth about Russian affairs. For this there is a business reason of importance to the Associated Press, which must have the news from St. Petersburg, and must therefore keep a correspondent there. Now the correspondent who tells the whole truth antagonizes the powers that be, becomes *persona non grata*, and is handed his passport and allowed twenty-four hours to cross the frontier. That leaves one of the most important news centres in Europe uncovered. Moreover, that expelled correspondent had mastered the Russian language, and was consequently of greater

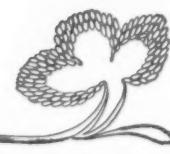
[*EDITORIAL NOTE:—Mr. Gilson Willets visited the principal countries of Europe some time ago as the special correspondent of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, for the purpose of investigating and reporting the facts regarding the American commercial invasion of Europe. His first article herewith will be followed by others on the American commercial invasion of foreign countries.]



Americans Not Wanted in Russia*

By Gilson Willets, Special Correspondent for Leslie's Weekly

Illustrations from photographs taken by the author



ALL COPIES of this issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY reaching Russia will have the special attention of the press censor. Each copy will be opened and the page containing this article torn out or inked out—that is, blackened over by the censor's ink-brush so that none may read. I have seen many different copies of LESLIE'S and other foreign papers in St. Petersburg and Moscow containing articles or paragraphs on Russia thus smeared with the censorial ink.

The single exception in the present case, as in all cases, will be the copies addressed to Ambassador McCormick and Consul-General Holloway

value to the Associated Press than a man unfamiliar with the language. Russian is not learned in a day, nor is it a simple matter for the Associated Press, at a moment's notice, to send a man who speaks Russian to St. Petersburg. Hence, this news association is practically gagged when it comes to news unpleasant to Russian officials.

A second fact is that "graft" has reached a stage in the Russian capital where, even at this critical time, when the government does not want its movements known to the outside world, high officials close to the Emperor actually sell "inside news" to American press correspondents. One correspondent told me that he paid a certain court officer, by rank a prince, one hundred roubles (fifty dollars) a week, regularly, for news that the prince should not betray and which the correspondent could get in no other way.

A third fact is that the press censor in St. Petersburg openly tells every foreign newspaper man—as if by orders from higher up—that newspaper articles detrimental to the Russian administration, whether true or not, hurt the country's credit financially, and frighten away the foreign capital the government is seeking to obtain. This information is imparted to the correspondent in a way that says as plainly as words: "So if you write such articles and send them secretly over the frontier to be telegraphed from Germany, as we know you do, you know what to expect." In short, the censor practically says: "Tell all you hear and see, and we will expel you, as we have a right to do." Which is true; for, however innocent of wrongdoing a man may be, if the Russian police say "Go!" you must go, and your ambassador can do nothing. Fully a score of correspondents have been thus "passported" out of Russia since 1900.

My own experience, in twice entering the empire, was probably that of every traveler from the United States. That is, the formalities of surrender of passport and customs inspection were conducted with more politeness, order, and dispatch than one may ever hope for at the port of New York. My passport, when I arrived at the frontier, was a beautifully clean document. By the time I left the empire it had become a most interesting document, covered with stamps and undecipherable script and print; for, upon arrival in each city in which I was to pass the night, I was obliged to surrender my passport and give twenty-four hours' notice of departure to get it back again—each such *visé* costing six roubles (three dollars).

At the frontier, when I displayed my passport as the special correspondent of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, a very grand official simply bowed and passed my luggage without even opening it. Imagine such courtesy from a New York customs officer! A friend in Berlin had given me a basket of wine, which occasioned me no trouble until I arrived at St. Petersburg, where all luggage is supposed to be re-examined. There my trunks and bags were passed, as at the frontier, unopened; but the basket was seized by a man who pointed to a fruit-stand in the station and said it was his, ignoring my inquiries concerning the basket. From the stand he took a pineapple and handed it to me. "Fourteen roubles," he said. At last I understood that if I bought the pineapple at the price—seven dollars—I would be permitted to take my basket. I bought the pineapple—and, strangest of all, I learned afterward that seven dollars was not an extortionate charge for a pineapple in this northern city in winter, but simply the regular price.

The very first thing I learned in St. Petersburg is that, in Russia, the Czar is everything—literally everything; his will is law, conceded as such by his subjects by heavenly inspired right; all the land and all his subjects are absolutely his to dispose of wholly as he chooses. To understand anything about Russia it is first necessary to understand that this is the fundamental principle of czarism, and that even in trade,

industry, and commerce the Czar is supreme. Every good or bad thing in commerce, as in every other field, therefore, is done in the name of the Czar.

The popular fancy pictures the Czar as one never seen by his people save when imbedded in a phalanx of guards, thus protected from the bullets of would-be regicides. To show, however, how easily any king-killer could accomplish his dastardly mission in Petersburg to-day, I may state that on two occasions, had I been a nihilist "elected" to the job, I could have shot his Imperial Majesty Nicholas II. The first such opportunity presented itself one evening as I drove in a drosky sled past the Winter Palace. In a second-story, corner window, directly over the guard stationed below, in a room which all Petersburg knows to be the Czar's study, the monarch sat by a green-shaded lamp, reading. Some palace servant had neglected to lower the blinds, and there sat the master of one hundred million subjects in full view of the hundreds of drosky sleds that were passing and repassing on the quay, an easy mark for a sharpshooter.

The second opportunity was in the Nevski Prospekt, the widest street in the world, compared to which Broadway is an alley. Suddenly I saw every man in uniform—and half the men in Petersburg wear uniforms—step to the edge of the sidewalk, face the roadway, and hold his hand to his cap in salute. The Czar was coming. He was a bundle of furs in a *troika*, and an official who sat beside him was simply another bundle of furs. His *troika*, drawn by three magnificent, matchless horses, galloped at a mad pace in true *troika* fashion, passing so close to my own drosky sled that I could see the smile lurking in his young, and by no means careworn, face. I even perceived that his beard was cut closer than appears in his photographs. Quickly I ordered my driver to turn round and follow the *troika*. He shook his head, but I insisted, "Da, da!" (Yes, yes!) and flashed a gold piece. He then turned round and made the horse trot as only a Russian drosky horse can trot. I wanted another look at the most powerful human being on earth. But I didn't get it. A mounted officer of some sort raised his hand to indicate that my driver was to stop.

"Pardon," said the officer, politely, in French. "You must go back."

"But I have business in this direction," I protested, with equal politeness.

"What are you doing here?" he retorted, sharply.

By this time a great, silent crowd surrounded us.

"What is your business, any way?" the officer went on, without giving me time to answer. "You are a stranger! Where are you stopping? I must see your passport."

"My passport is already in the hands of the police," I interposed.

Meantime he had looked up the Nevski—the *troika* had turned off somewhere.

"Pardon," said the horseman, returning to his original politeness, now that all chance of following the *troika* was gone. Then he spoke in Russian to my driver, who immediately turned his horse and drove leisurely back over the ground which we had just covered at such a mad pace. I was informed later that when the Czar is out driving none may follow him nearer than five hundred yards. A Russian subject in my place would have been arrested as a "suspect."

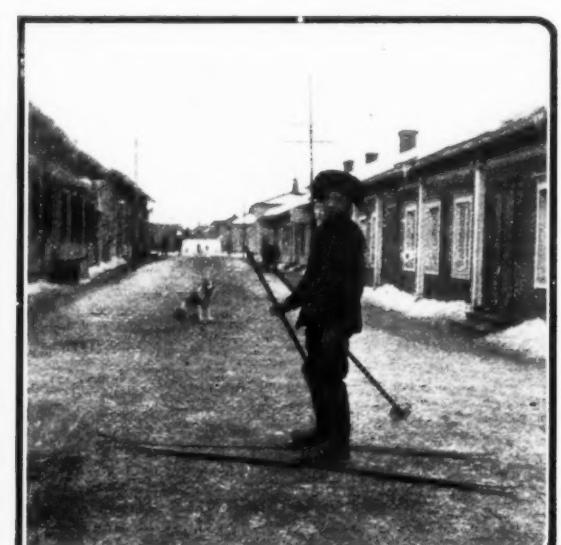
One word more as to the candid advice of the Russian Minister of the Interior to American business men to keep out of Russia. To an American who had capital to invest, M. de Plehve said: "Your American workmen are too progressive to mingle with ours. Russia is not ready for such progressiveness in industrial affairs. We are content, for the present, to remain as we are. We have four million semi-educated workmen on our hands now. Their exact position is a new problem for us; so until we are able to define their position we wish no American enterprises exploited in



TYPE OF RUSSIAN MAID OF THE RICH PEASANT CLASS.
Willets.



GROUP OF RUSSIAN PEASANT SCHOOL CHILDREN, WITH LADY OF RANK IN FOREGROUND.—Willets.



PRINCIPAL STREET IN A TYPICAL VILLAGE IN NORTHERN RUSSIA.—Willets.

Russia that will tend to spread new ideas. We discourage, therefore, for the time being, further investments of American capital unless placed wholly in Russian hands."

By which M. de Plehve meant that while Russia seeks American capital for the development of her railroads, mines, and industries under Russian control, she does not want American methods or American labor. Russia would like American millionaires to invest in government guaranteed four-per-cent. railway bonds—than which there is not a safer investment in Europe—but she does not want Americans themselves to come and invest their brains along with their dollars. The four million workmen referred to are learning the value of organizing, and are in open revolt against existing conditions, having received their ideas chiefly from Americans.

All this information came from Count B—, whose guest I was in St. Petersburg. "The revolutionists," he added, "want American methods introduced, while the reactionists regard all American institutions with deep disfavor. As the reactionists are now in power, they have adopted the policy of gradually awakening Americans in Russia to the fact that they are not wanted."

Let us see now how this "gradual awakening of Americans" is being put into effect. I will cite a few instances of my personal knowledge. An American named Mason opened in the Nevski Prospekt what a New Yorker would call a nickel-in-the-slot restaurant. Mason called his lunch room "The Automat." The place was full of automatic machines in which you put a few kopeks (pennies) and out come sandwiches, cold meats, pastry, and the like. One couldn't possibly eat a rouble's (half a dollar's) worth. So, kopek by kopek, Mason amassed thousands of roubles—and the police knew it. The proprietor received a "warning" that his place attracted crowds and was therefore a public nuisance. Mason understood—this was the first call for "graft." If he "paid" for the "crowds," regularly, he would be left in peace. He pretended not to comprehend—and received a second warning, which he also ignored. That ended Mason's "Automat." The police ordered him to move out. He protested that he held a lease of the premises and declined to budge. Whereupon the police took possession, locked Mason out, and carted away his machines, Heaven knows where. Mason appealed, through the courts; and the case actually came to the personal attention of the Czar, who commanded that his machines be restored to him and that the police pay him an indemnity. No decision could have been worse for poor Mason. The police, without warrant, but with infinite politeness, requested him to leave the country within twenty-four hours. Mason had to go—there was no alternative—and should he try to re-enter the empire he would be turned back at the frontier as if he were a Jew, no one of Jewish faith being permitted to enter the Czar's domain.

The Singer Sewing Machine Company is putting up the first iron building, a skyscraper, seen in the city of Peter the Great. The police expect to "graft" each particular beam. In its half-completed state not a single workman was employed on this building during all the time I was in the city. Operations were at a standstill, the police having imposed one restriction after another; anything to hamper the Singer people so as to teach them that it would be more economical to "reward" the Czar's police.

To Petersburg came three American business men to secure a gold-mining concession. There are 851 places where gold is found in Russia, and our friends wanted the privilege of working one of those places. First, they had to deposit \$50,000 with the Ministry of the Interior as "good faith." So much for the regular, legal part of the programme. Now for the irregular, illegal part. They kept in their room at the Hotel Europe a bag of hard, cold cash in golden roubles. This cash they doled out in installments, first to this prince, then to that count, for "influence." Each time they handed out the money they were told that their proposition had been found good, and promises were made that the concession would be speedily granted. Each time the would-be concessionaires believed that they had accomplished something, and each time they were disappointed and had to refill the money-bag. The wearisome delay in the negotiations continued week after week; technical obstacles, each more serious than the preceding one, were brought forward; and so weeks grew into months, and the Americans were not one step nearer the goal. Deciding that bankruptcy would come before any kind of a definite conclusion could be obtained, they went away with what cash they had left and an accumulated amount of disgust. Their \$50,000 was returned with all legal formalities, but considerably more than that sum was left in the hands of the princes and counts. Such has been the experience of many other Americans seeking to do business in Russia—each in sheer desperation abandoning his enterprise.

Two such enterprises, proposed by Americans, were thus abandoned before I left St. Petersburg. One was a proposition of a Western syndicate to irrigate 450,000 acres of so-called "arid steppe," in central Russia, on condition that the syndicate should be allowed to let the land bordering on the canals to natives for ninety-nine years, at the end of which period the land should become the property of the government. The concession to irrigate was granted readily enough, but no amount of bribing could secure the accompanying condition. The second enterprise abandoned was that of two Americans from our Southern States, in

which it was proposed to build presses in the cotton districts for the making of cotton-seed oil and cotton cakes. After the usual maddening delays and payments to princes, these Americans vented their indignation in very definite terms, and departed.

Of course certain American companies, by reason of the great value of their propositions, have established themselves in Russia, despite the delays and "drains." The Westinghouse Air-brake Company is one such successful concern. The Czar ordered that all the 500,000 cars and 10,000 locomotives of the Russian railways be equipped with air-brakes at a cost of \$50,000,000 before the first of the present year. The Westinghouse company got the lion's share of this order, with the privilege of erecting a plant in Petersburg, which they did. This plant has all the latest improved American machinery, and the concern employs a large number of American workmen and engineers. The New York Air-brake Company has also been given a trial order for \$25,000 worth of air-brakes, and if the company succeeds it is to be allowed to erect a plant within the empire. At the same time, the government has imposed such impossible conditions on a score of American enterprises employing Americans in their shops, that the American workmen have been discharged. Now, at the great American locomotive works on the Volga, and in several great American machine shops in Moscow and Petersburg, not a single American is left. In many ways, too, the government shows that it means to follow a systematic plan of shutting out American goods. Cotton, for example—every effort is being made to raise enough cotton in Turkestan to enable the placing of a prohibitive tariff on American bales. The same policy is being pursued in regard to all the principal articles imported from the United States, such as machinery and hand tools of all kinds, articles of iron and steel, tanning materials, dyestuffs, copper, and rosin.

Despite all this, it must be admitted that many American enterprises are established in Russia and are paying dividends of from twelve to fifty per cent. For any foreign enterprise in Russia either fails miserably after the first few years, or succeeds far beyond what would be deemed success in the United States. I will at first describe some of these enterprises, and then relate the conditions to which their owners must submit. The plant of the Westinghouse company has already been mentioned. In addition the largest and most important powerful dredges in the world are in operation on the Volga. These are American dredges, built in Belgium by Lindon W. Bates, of Chicago. Their first appearance, in 1899, attracted the attention of the whole engineering world, all the great nations sending engineers to witness their initial performances.

Russia has the longest, greatest oil pipe-line in the world—360 miles long—for the transportation of refined oil. The pumping engines for this line are all American—the largest and most powerful used anywhere in the petroleum industry—supplied by the Worthington Pumping Engine Company, of New York. Scores of buildings like that of the Singer structure previously referred to are entirely of American materials and construction. The Russo-Chinese bank at Vladivostock, recently completed, is the best equipped building in Siberia. It has all modern appliances of American workmanship—steel ceilings, steam fittings, electrical works, vaults, safes, wall paper, and even furniture.

American capital, labor, and enterprise are also employed in a greater or less degree in the following industries: In the production of naphtha; a share in the manufacture of \$60,000,000 worth of rapid-firing and small-calibre guns; in the furnishing of wire rope, mining machinery, and all sorts of implements; in cotton mills and the iron and wood-pulp industries; in the great oil wells at Baku; in the supply of rails and rolling stock for the \$500,000,000 Siberian Railway; electric light and traction enterprises; and in a steamship company running vessels from Copenhagen to St. Petersburg.

Now, what are the conditions to which those conducting these various enterprises must submit? The following facts may be of value to any Americans who contemplate business ventures in Russia. In the first place, the government no longer sells concessions outright, but makes reservations in each case. In mining concessions, for example, the condition is made that the controlling power, as well as the management, shall be in the hands of Russians. In the second place, any attempt to secure a concession should be preceded by a visit to the country for the purpose of learning how and where to go to work. No American enterprise can succeed in Russia which does not first prepare to meet the peculiar commercial conditions. Application should be made direct to the Russian Department of Manufactures and Trade. Third, it can be stated positively that no American has ever lost a cent through trusting the Russian government, but in transactions with private companies the utmost patience and long credits are necessary, and if the Russian concern fails, Russian creditors are paid first, and only when there is then anything left are the American creditors taken into account. Fourth, he who wishes to sell goods in Russia must send commercial travelers, for merchants insist upon seeing samples. Such travelers must speak German, or French, if not Russian, and there is a tax of \$25 a year on each case of samples carried. For opening a store or office, the tax is \$250 a year; for a factory the tax is \$750 a year. In regard to patents, citizens of the United States who comply with the Russian patent laws are afforded the same protection as Russian subjects.

The full legal text of the legal status of an American corporation in Russia may be obtained from any consul.

All these things sound good, seem easy. But what lies beneath the "legal status"? Take the work days, for instance. You can't get your men to work more than twenty-one days a month, try as you will, on account of the number of saints' days and imperial fêtes days, when work ceases by official order. If a workman is killed by accident in your factory, the ensuing police investigation amounts to persecution, and, as the head of the concern, you may not leave the country until the investigation is closed—which means at least a year and as much longer as the police choose. Next, for each of the children of your workmen, you must pay a school tax, and if your establishment is outside of the large cities you must support a separate school for the children of your workmen, paying teachers supplied by the government. Further, for every 100 employed you must support one bed in a hospital and furnish the services of a physician free. Again, for each 100 employés you must pay the salary of one policeman, and for a thousand employés you must support a police force of ten with a sergeant. In addition, you must contribute liberally to the support of the nearest Cossack Guards, besides paying a tax of five dollars a head, over and above everything else, for each man employed, and an accumulative tax on your profits. Finally, if your customer happens to be the Czar—and it must be remembered that in Russia the Czar is the largest buyer of almost everything—your goods will not only be subjected to the most severe tests before payment is made, but the Czar himself fixes the price. That is, when the Czar buys, he orders and names his price, and if you refuse the order, look out!

Why, under these conditions, would it not be more profitable for Americans to leave Russia alone and be content with the commercial invasion of other countries? Because Russia offers far the largest market, and far the largest number of opportunities for American brains, skill, capital, and goods. Russia has enormous resources of her own, but these are undeveloped. It is the very development of these resources and the demands of a hundred million people for goods not yet manufactured within the empire that makes Russia the most profitable field for American enterprise in any direction.

These undeveloped resources include hundreds of places where iron and other metals are found; 30,000 square miles of untouched coal lands; 150,000 square miles of fruitful soil; and hundreds of thousands of acres of virgin woodland. Then the needs—the government is asking for bids to replace thousands of wooden bridges with iron ones; and for bids for the construction of water-works, drainage systems, and electric light and railway plants; street, canal, and harbor improvements, and dry-docks. And Russia needs more chemical, sugar, and paper mills; vast quantities of hardware, linoleum, watches, clocks, lamps, and all sorts of electrical apparatus; and so on through a long list of products of which "American-made" are conceded to be the best.

Yet at the gateway of this veritable El Dorado of trade, industry, and commerce stands the Czar in the person of his Minister of the Interior, saying: "Not wanted—because you are too progressive and we wish to squeeze a billion more from our *mujiks* (peasants) before they learn the value of American industrial methods."

Too Many Commissions in New York.

WE ARE in accord with the New York *Sun* in its conclusion that the State barber-examining commission law should be repealed. We have been running the "commission" business to death in the State of New York. Under the pressure largely of labor politicians State commissions have been appointed for the alleged purpose of raising the standard of labor, but really for the purpose of barring out from gainful employment as many newcomers as possible. It is all very well to appoint a commission to examine into the qualifications of applicants for work as plumbers, because they are intrusted with sanitary work which comes within the scrutiny of the board of health; but laws to compel the licensing of blacksmiths, horse-shoers, barbers, janitors, and the like, are only inspired by those who seek, by restricting the number of the employed, to increase the wages of those who have employment. Governor Odell was abundantly justified in his first expressed purpose to refuse consent to the enactment of the ridiculous State barber-examining bill, and it is unfortunate that he did not stick to it.

Produces Strength for Work

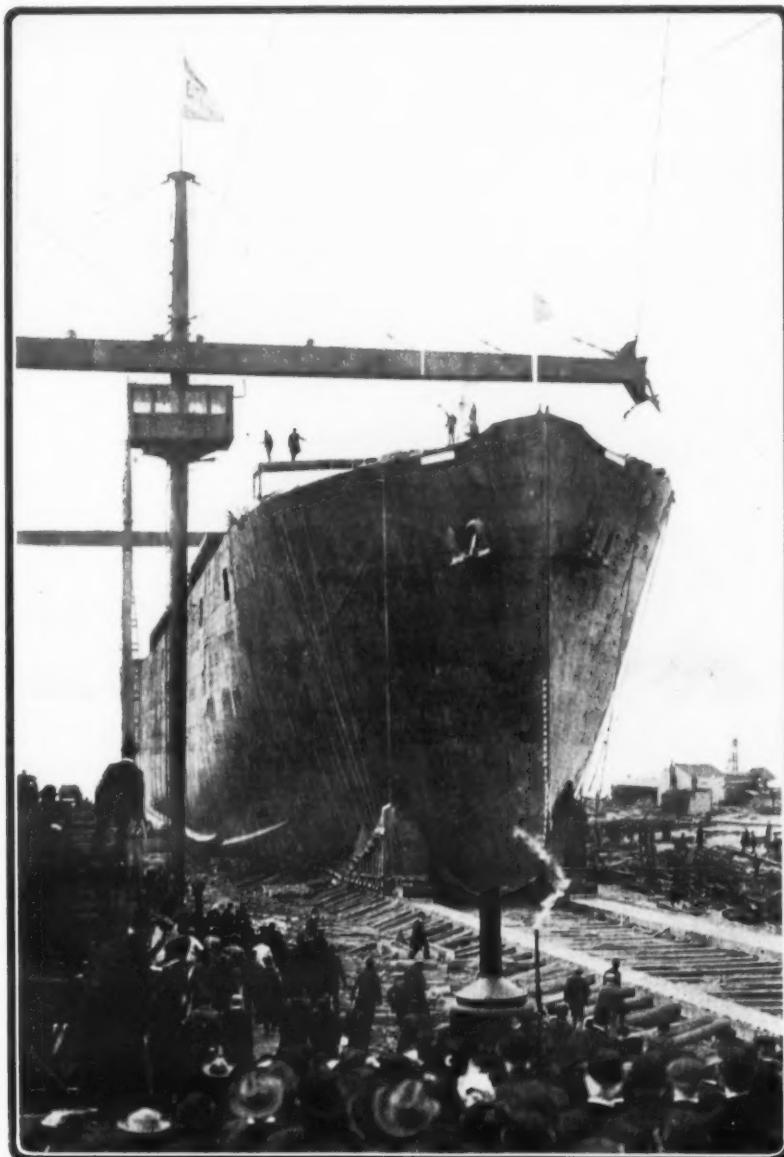
HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

It perfects digestion, enriches the blood, calms and strengthens the nerves, and builds up the general health. It is the most permanently beneficial Tonic.

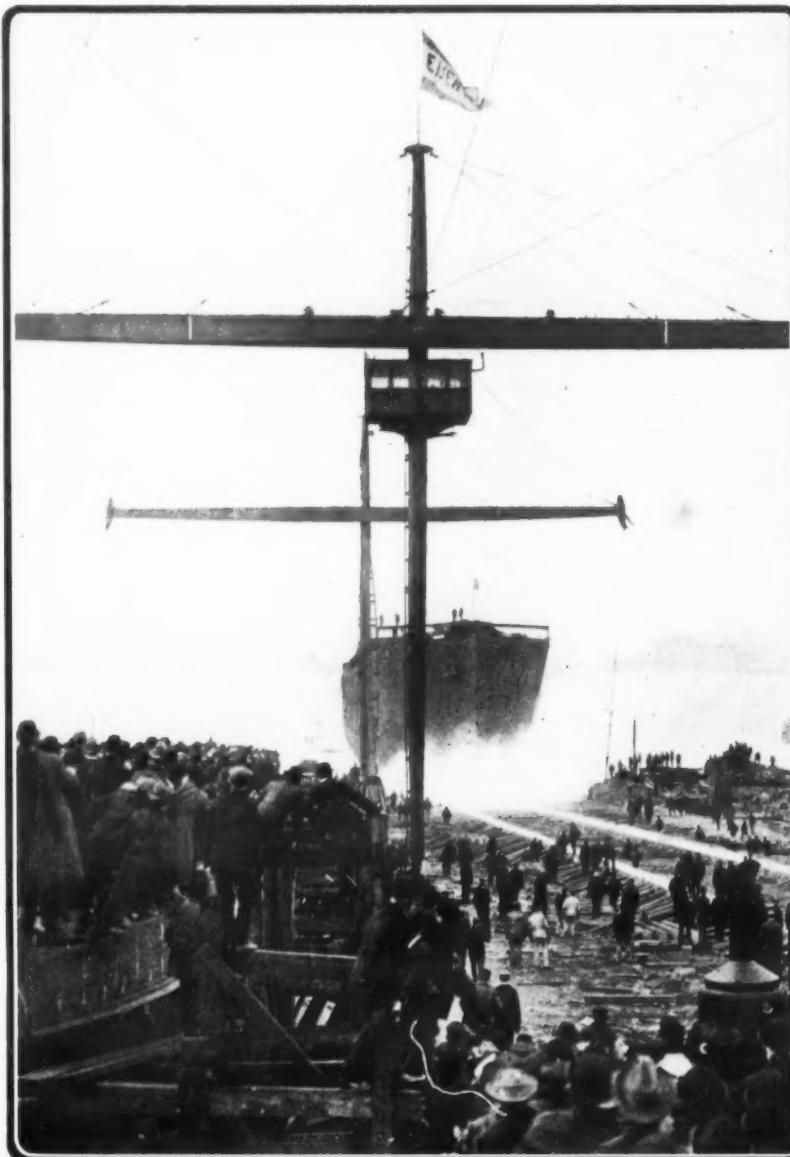
Cereal Foods

without cream are not appetizing, but good raw cream is not always easy to get. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream, with a delicious flavor and richness. Use it for general cooking purposes. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.

RESIDENCE Telephone Service pays for itself in care fare saved. It saves time, too. Low rates. Efficient service. New York Telephone Company, 15 Dey Street.



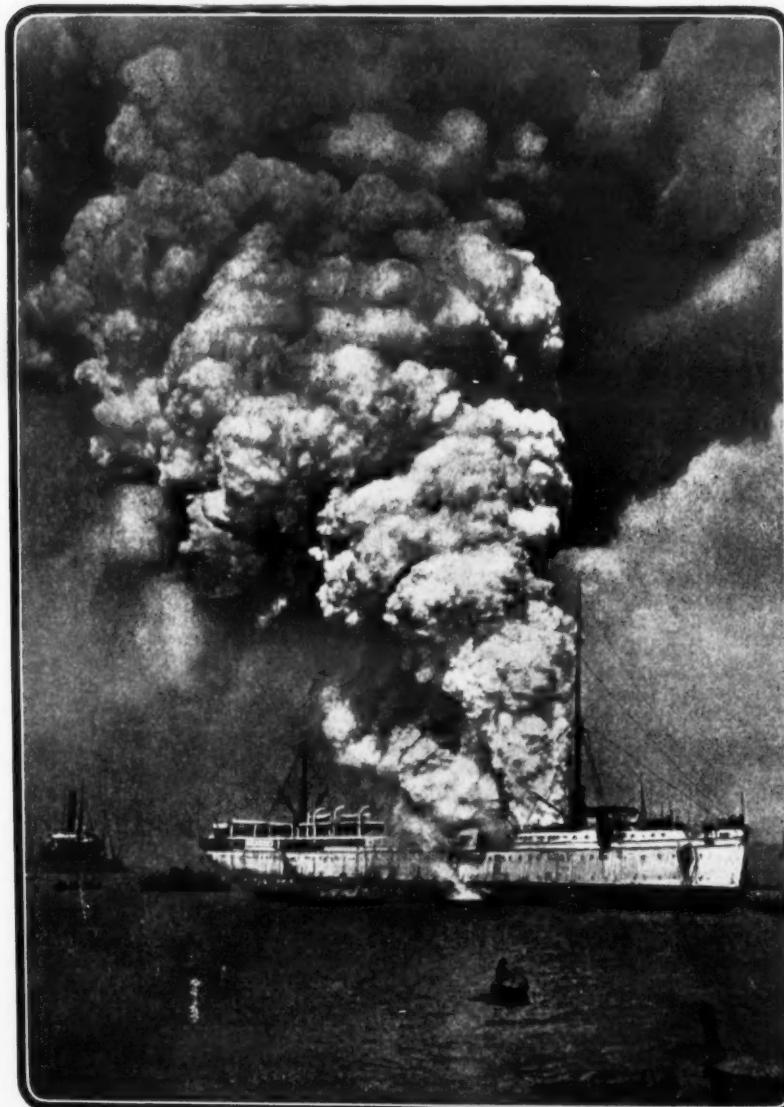
HUGE VESSEL SLIDING DOWN THE WAYS JUST AFTER SHE HAD BEEN CHRISTENED BY MISS MAY BELLE FLEMINGTON, OF ELLENDALE, N. D.



NEARING THE WATER IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE RISING FROM THE TIMBERS IGNITED BY THE HEAVY SHIP'S FRICTION.

A \$2,500,000 OCEAN VESSEL LAUNCHED AT NEW LONDON, CONN.

MONSTER STEEL STEAMSHIP "DAKOTA," FOR THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD'S PACIFIC LINE TO THE ORIENT, 630 FEET LONG, TONNAGE 22,000, GLIDING INTO THE WATER AT THE EASTERN SHIP-BUILDING COMPANY'S YARDS.—T. C. Muller.



UNIQUE AND SPECTACULAR FIRE ON AN OCEAN LINER.

FINE FRENCH MAIL STEAMER "TONKIN" BURNING IN THE HARBOR OF KORE, JAPAN, AS THE RESULT OF AN EXPLOSION OF CHLORATE OF POTASH IN HER HOLD—ALL THE VESSEL'S UPPER WORKS WERE DESTROYED BEFORE SHE WAS BEACHED AND FLOODED. LOSS, \$300,000.—Photograph by F. E. Morse.



COLOSSAL STATUE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

HEROIC FIGURE, BY SCULPTOR G. MORETTI, OF NEW YORK, FIFTY FEET HIGH, WEIGHING FIFTY TONS, CAST IN ALABAMA IRON, AND COSTING \$50,000—IT WILL STAND IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.



Wall Street Magnates and the Reporters

By Ralph Waterman Vincent

THE DECLARATION of dividends and the action of directors of large corporations on other important matters are generally known in Wall Street offices in two or three minutes after the official announcement is made. The "Street" gets this almost instantaneous service from the financial news agencies, which are past masters in the collection and dissemination of this class of news. These companies formerly distributed their news altogether by means of bulletins carried by messengers. By setting up and printing in advance all possible forms of the announcement, and by having their boys in the office, with the most probable set of slips in their hands, some time in advance of receiving the exact announcement, they were able to give their customers the news in two or three minutes after receiving it from the reporters on the assignment. Now, however, they use an electrical page-printing ticker for all brief "rush" items, and by means of this instrument they can serve their customers with remarkable facility.

These and numerous other devices, such, for instance, as the holding open of telephones between the place of the meeting and the office of the news bureau while the meeting is in progress, are absolutely essential in the quick service rendered. Another equally essential feature is the getting of the announcement from an official or authoritative source. The most natural way is for the secretary of the company to make the announcement, either verbally or by a typewritten statement, to all the reporters present. This was formerly, and is still, the practice with most corporations. This plan does very well for the morning newspaper men, who have hours before them, or even for the afternoon men, who have only to "catch an edition." But it won't do at all for the news agency men. Seconds with them are as hours with the morning men. Consequently, these fellows, casting aside all sense of delicacy and propriety, "hold up" the directors, who generally begin to leave the board-room before the secretary is ready with his typewritten copies. These directors are naturally very much averse to being "held up," and some of them politely decline to answer all questions at these times, frequently making use of the expression so familiar to the reporters, "You will get it all inside"—meaning, of course, that the proper official will give out the much-desired information.

Among the men who are almost daily attending directors' meetings there are several notable exceptions to the general rule as just indicated. Some of these exceptions are among the best-known men in Wall Street. They will almost invariably give the information asked, particularly if it is solicited by one or two men quietly, who know the gentleman, instead of by a mob of twenty-five or thirty fellows. Within the last few months very important announcements of financial news have been made, and the good services of these kindly disposed directors have been greatly in demand and keenly appreciated. For instance, for three months at least, the question was daily discussed in Wall Street and throughout the country as to whether the United States Steel Corporation would reduce the common stock dividend at the October meeting of the directors.

Finally the day and hour for this meeting came. It was held in the company's big board-room in the Empire Building, No. 71 Broadway. The table in this room easily accommodates the whole eighteen men who direct the affairs of this, the greatest of all trusts. There was a full attendance that day. J. Pierpont Morgan was there. This was one of only two or three meetings that he had attended since he brought out this billion-dollar corporation. Outside in the hall were no fewer than twenty-five reporters. The Wall Street news agency men had their usual relays with everything in readiness to flash out the news on a second's notice. After waiting half an hour or more, forms were noticed moving about in the room adjoining that in which the directors were meeting. Presently the outer door opened and several members of the board appeared, headed by P. A. B. Widener, the well-known traction magnate of Philadelphia and New York. Mr. Widener, being regarded as a comparatively "easy mark," was asked if the regular dividend had been declared on the common stock. At first, evidently a little flustered by being approached by such a bunch of fellows hungry for the news, he replied in the affirmative, but instantly corrected himself: "No; one-half of one per cent." (The company had been paying one per cent. quarterly.) The Wall Street news agency men, knowing that the regular rate had been declared on the preferred stock—because something had been declared on the common—

simply called "one-half" to the men next on their respective relays. They in turn passed the word along, and in less than a minute more the brokers throughout the financial district were reading the information on the tickers.

Still more importance was attached to the January dividend meeting of the United States Steel directors. From the time that the common dividend was cut in half in October to the day of this meeting, Wall Street had daily discussed the probability of the common dividend being passed and the preferred reduced. At the January meeting the crowd of reporters was larger than ever, and they were more eager than ever to get the news promptly. As usual, the meeting began at 3 P. M. About 3:30 shadows were noticed on the outer door, which presently materialized into full-grown men in the persons of H. H. Rogers and J. Pierpont Morgan, in the order named. Mr. Rogers is about the last man, except Mr. Morgan, in the entire financial district that experienced Wall Street reporters would approach on such an occasion. That day, however, knowing that many thousands of stockholders and financiers throughout the country were waiting for the news, these fellows were ready to resort to desperate tactics.

Accordingly, they "tackled" Mr. Rogers, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Morgan was directly back of him. Wall Street newspaper men know that the promoter of the billion-dollar steel trust dislikes nothing more than to be asked for information when he is leaving a directors' meeting. Some time ago an inexperienced reporter did ask him, only to receive this reply, accompanied by the great financier's most withering glare: "I think this is preposterous. When I want to tell you anything, don't I send for you to come to my office?" Even the news bureau men did not dare to release the dividends on Mr. Rogers's reply. Accordingly they quickly repeated their question to him several times, only to receive the same puzzling answer, "The preferred." Although by this time (and it was not more than 45 seconds from the time Mr. Rogers first appeared in the hall) the reporters were fully convinced that the common stockholders, no matter whether they paid \$50 or \$10 a share, would be obliged to "whistle" for their dividend for a while, they were not at all certain from Mr. Rogers's answer whether "the preferred" had been reduced. Finally, after being asked for the second time directly as to whether the regular dividend had been declared on the preferred stock, Mr. Rogers replied in the affirmative.

The reporters for the news agencies pursued their usual tactics, in this case calling the one word, "passed," which was the signal agreed upon for no dividend on the common stock and the regular disbursement on the preferred. Less than two minutes from the time that Mr. Rogers and Mr. Morgan emerged from the board room, Wall Street knew what the stock-tape foreshadowed for some weeks—that the greatest of all trusts had failed to declare a dividend on a stock held by many thousands of small investors. James Stillman, another prominent member of the Standard Oil coterie, is generally willing to tell the boys whatever news he can give them in a word as he is stepping into the elevator, after having attended a directors' meeting. No man in the downtown financial district attends more of these meetings every day than the president of the National City Bank. His time is so fully occupied that he never remains in a meeting a moment longer than necessary, and is almost invariably the first man to leave. For that reason he is very frequently approached by the reporters waiting in the hall.

Mr. Stillman never stops while speaking to reporters on such occasions, unless he is obliged to wait for the elevator. If approached by a crowd of newspaper men he not infrequently declines to give any information, referring his inquirers "inside." One of the last important announcements secured through Mr. Stillman was the election of Oscar G. Murray as president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. George J. Gould also attends a great many directors' meetings, but as a rule he is seldom asked to "give up" on his way out. Although extremely pleasant, he generally refers the questioners to the officials of the company. Recently, however, he greatly surprised the fellows assigned to "cover" a meeting of the directors of the Union Pacific Railroad, at which it was expected that E. H. Harriman would be elected president. Mr. Gould was the first man to leave the board room. The announcement was a rush item with the Wall Street news agencies. With feelings hardened by long usage, they approached Mr. Gould for the informa-

tion, but he was soon past them, striding down the hall at his usual fearful pace. The reporters ran and caught up to him, however, and asked if Mr. Harriman had been elected, and to their surprise received a prompt reply, consisting of the one word "yes." The reporters, with hurried thanks, turned to rush to their telephones, and a moment later Mr. Gould was out of sight in Winslow S. Pierce's office at the far end of the hall, and Wall Street knew that Mr. Harriman was president of one more company in which he had for some time been the dominant factor.

D. O. Mills is one of the best friends of the Wall Street news agency men on occasions like those already described. He has never been known to refuse the information asked. Not long ago the directors of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway met in this city to act on the semi-annual dividend. Mr. Mills was the first man to leave the boardroom. Reporters are not allowed to stand in the corridors of the Grand Central Building while a board meeting is in progress, but by peeking through doors slightly ajar, and around the corners, with great difficulty, they manage to "keep tabs" on what is going on. When they spied Mr. Mills in the hall, hurriedly emerging from their hiding-places and quickly approaching the kindly gentleman, they asked for the dividend-rate. He promptly gave it. As it was an increase of one-half per cent. for the six months, the item was made a great rush by the news agencies, and, thanks to Mr. Mills's kindness and the facilities of the news bureaus, Wall Street had this announcement a full half-hour before it was given to the reporters officially.

Still more recently Mr. Mills did another good turn for a Wall Street reporter. It was at the January meeting of the Erie Railroad directors when, by the declaration of a semi-annual dividend of two per cent. on the first preferred stock, the voting trust was thereby dissolved. Mr. Mills, as usual, was one of the first directors to leave the room. A reporter who knew him well quietly asked for the dividend as Mr. Mills was passing through the hall. He complied with the request, and the reporter started the signal along his relay reaching to the telephone four floors below, and his office had a decisive "beat" on the dissolution of the Erie voting trust. The others waited for the official typewritten statement, which did not come for ten minutes after Wall Street knew all about it.

Samuel Sloan, for many years president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and commonly known as the "Nestor of railroad presidents," is the very best friend the newspaper men have at all meetings that he attends—and the number of such meetings is large. Mr. Sloan is generally the first man out. If for any reason the reporters are at all slow in asking for the information desired, he invariably volunteers it, saying, in the case of a dividend declaration, "Usual dividend, boys." Mr. Sloan has been censured for his extreme willingness to give out information in advance of the regular official announcement, but he takes the ground that when once the action is taken there is no occasion to keep it quiet. Only once through a long period of years has Mr. Sloan ever shown any hesitancy in giving announcements to reporters. Something more than a year ago the directors of the Manhattan Railway declared an extra dividend. Only one of the reporters "covering" the meeting knew in advance what the rate was likely to be. When the meeting broke up, Mr. Sloan, contrary to his custom, came out with several other directors instead of alone. The reporters were about to ask him for the dividend, when he said, "You had better ask George this time" (meaning George Gould). The one reporter who knew the dividend rate in advance, and who also knew Mr. Sloan well, quietly repeated the rate to him, and he replied, "Yes, that's about it; but you had better ask George this time." The reporter did not wait for George, but rushed the announcement to his office and made a good "beat."

An Eccentric Historian.

LIKE MOST men of genius, the late Professor Mommsen, the great German historian, had striking eccentricities. One of these was absent-mindedness. He permitted his hair to be frizzled off by a candle by whose light he was reading. But the most characteristic incident was his thrusting an infant into his waste-paper basket when it cried. Bismarck had not much respect for Mommsen as a public man, but it would have gladdened the old chancellor's heart to see the scholar publicly reprobating the language of the Kaiser not long ago. No other man outside the Socialist ranks dared have done such a thing in Germany.

Jemima's Adventures in New York. No. 2—She Gets a Place

By Elizabeth Howard Westwood

"A GIRL as smart as you are, Jen, oughtn't to have any trouble getting a place," said Miss Hodge, as she initiated Jemima into the mysteries of the New York style of veils. In Enfield Centre veils were worn only by young children and by elderly women, and for hygienic, not aesthetic, purposes. "Just hold your head high, and tell them what you can do, and you'll be all right."

Jemima smiled in anticipation of the fray, as she deftly pinned the filmy chiffon veil on her white sailor. If the truth must be told, it had never once occurred to Jemima that she might have trouble in getting a position. Not that she was conceited. Oh, dear, no! But a young lady who has successfully put through an exodus from Enfield Centre must look upon New York commercial life with condescension. She had prefaced any attempt to secure employment by hanging her framed diploma from the Silver Creek Academy in the "den" of the Harlem flat. Sandwiched in between Stanlaws's pictures and a lithograph of "The Lovers' Quarrel," it looked rather lonesome for its old place among family portraits and illuminated Bible texts in the Hickson best parlor. But, as Cousin Carrie said, it gave "just the needed tone to the room."

On her exit from Enfield Centre, the *Grape Belt* had announced that "Miss Jemima Hickson, one of our most talented and accomplished young ladies, is about to seek new fields of conquest in New York. Good luck to you, Miss Jemima."

Jemima was talented and accomplished. She had played the organ in church and Sunday-school for three years. She was the shining light of the singing class. Very few dresses were designed in Enfield Centre without her advice. Three paintings in oils, executed by her facile brush, adorned the Hickson homestead. As an elocutionist, her fame extended even to Farnham. In strictly practical lines, she held the record for packing two hundred and fifty baskets of grapes in one day—a record unbeaten by any other packer in town.

With this remarkable equipment it would have been a timorous and over-anxious Jemima who would have taken thought for the morrow. Enfield Centre did not for one moment doubt that a brilliant future waited only for Jemima to grasp it. Aunt Maria had said, when she brought over a batch of cookies for the city folks, "I don't know as we ought to make a fuss, Jemima. Most likely New York needs you more than we do."

Indeed, it was with no misgivings of the novice, but with the spirit of an experienced business woman, that Jemima started out to seek a position. She hurried through breakfast, dashed for the One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street station, poked her nickel in the cage, and boarded a Rector Street train quite as if it were the thousandth instead of the first time in her life. To the casual observer it would not have been apparent that Miss Jemima Hickson, seated by the dressy Miss Hodge, and calmly perusing the society notes in the morning paper, had been born, bred, and reared in the isolated hamlet of Enfield Centre.

When they arrived at the department store Cousin Carrie deposited her upon the settee outside of the superintendent's office and hurried off to the cloak-room and her own strenuous duties. Jemima experienced much the same set of emotions as when, fifteen years before, Sis-

ter Maude had led her to the district school, and had left her to dangle her feet from the front seat until the busy teacher should have time to hear her recite her alphabet. In Jemima's new wrist-bag—a gift from Cousin Carrie—were letters from the Rev. John Ebenezer Eldridge, pastor of the Enfield Centre Presbyterian Church; Professor Charles Atkins, principal of the Silver Creek



"WE ARE EMPLOYING ONLY EXPERIENCED HELP."

Academy; and James T. Lincoln, Esq.—Sister Maude's husband—of the *Grape Belt*. These announced to all whom it might concern that Miss Jemima Hickson, the bearer, was a young woman of unusually fine character and of marked ability. They stated further that any person or firm so fortunate as to employ her would never have cause to regret it. These, together with a re-enforcement in the form of a personal note from Cousin Carrie, Jemima expected to be the open sesame to this wonderful modern fairy-land.

From her post on the big balcony, Jemima watched with fascinated interest the opening of the big store beneath. Commanding floor-walkers, busy clerks, hurried cash girls, darting messenger boys, all contributed to a scene of confusion which to Jemima's unaccustomed eyes seemed nothing less than hopeless pandemonium. In a twinkling, however, law and order asserted their rule. Neat and carefully arranged cases emerged from their night's wrappings. Bland and smiling floor-walkers stood at attention. Alert and obliging clerks slipped into positions behind shining counters. The bell struck; the huge doors swung open; the business of the day began.

Jemima's imagination throbbed in response to the stimulus about her. With lightning rapidity she climbed the ladder of success. She advanced from an inexperienced clerk at six dollars a week to a head of department, to assistant buyer—even to buyer itself. Enfield Centre was dumb with admiration and green with envy. Father and mother, proud and happy, were established in an elegant modern dwelling-house, with steam heat and electric lights, the like of which Enfield Centre had never before seen. Jemima, having moved with her friends into a magnificent new apartment, had just received from the hands of her dressmaker an exquisite wardrobe in full. She was having difficulty in choosing between the advantageous offers of rival firms, when the office-boy appeared to usher her into the presence of the superintendent.

Did Jemima's heart leap into her throat? Were the fingers which drew the letters from the wrist-bag cold and trembling? Not at all. Jemima advanced gayly and smiled cordially. She gave the superintendent of one of New York's largest stores a hearty handshake, after the prevailing custom at Grange meetings. Mr. Robinson was not to be outdone by this exponent of Enfield Centre hospitality. Moreover, he had once come from the country with just such letters himself. He gallantly offered Jemima a seat, and was saying, "Well, Miss Hickson, we'll see what there is—" when a malign fate in the shape of the office-boy introduced a disturbing element.

A large, handsomely dressed woman, with jet, furs, and jewels, made her haughty way to the superintendent. She proceeded to revile, in language prescribed by no book of etiquette, the management of the store in general, and of the glove department in particular. She wound up with the statement that no lady could be expected to stand such

treatment, and that for the future she would see to it that she and her friends withdrew their large and valuable patronage. With an angry flourish of skirts she departed. The kind face of the superintendent had undergone a change. His glance was absent, and his voice irritated.

"Miss Hickson! You say that you have never worked in New York—never worked in a store at all? You will hardly do. We are employing only experienced help." He turned to wreak vengeance on the delinquent glove department. Jemima's heart turned to a lump and grew bigger and bigger as she found her way out on to the street. The portals of the great store closed after her—a disinherited princess, banished from her kingdom. Cousin Carrie had said, "Now, Jemima, if they don't want you here, don't you be discouraged. There are lots of other stores. Keep going, and you'll be sure to find a good place."

Jemima did keep going, but no good place was forthcoming. Some of the stores needed no help, others wished only experienced hands. One store was in search of cash girls only, another was on the lookout for expert fitters. At some of the places the superintendent refused to see her. At her twelfth refusal Jemima, faint, weary, and a fit subject for the tragic poet, sought refreshment in a restaurant bearing the reassuring information: "Tables reserved for ladies"—in white enamel.

Now, the effect of twelve bald and unqualified refusals is anything but enlivening on even the most hopeful of dispositions. Not that Jemima was discouraged! She had spent but half a day in her search. People had been kind. There was plenty of work in the city; all she had to do was to find it. But for all that she found difficulty in choking down eggs and toast, and was utterly without inclination to order ice-cream. Indeed, a certain moisture about the eyes and a certain weakness in the knees were utterly out of place in a young woman who had been relinquished by Enfield Centre to fulfill the needs of the metropolis.

Miss Andrews had told Jemima that she had a friend who had secured an excellent position through the Young Women's Christian Association. Thither Jemima made her way; and a very subdued way it was. She passed unnoticed the ravishing wares of the Syrian women sitting cross-legged on the sidewalk. She did not give so much as a glance to the pageant of hansoms and coaches passing up Fifth Avenue. An elevator boy ushered her past a big reading-room on one side and a woman's exchange on the other, down a narrow passage, to the employment bureau. Women of all ages and stations lined the walls. They wore a serious, anxious expression, which reminded Jemima forcibly of Deacon Peck's Bible class. The lady behind the railing looked Jemima over, heard her tale, and then, instead of unfolding dazzling prospects, announced, very decidedly,

"My dear young woman, I am going to do the kindest possible thing, and advise you to take the next train for home."

Jemima changed color.

"I have absolutely nothing to offer



"I AM GOING TO DO THE KINDEST POSSIBLE THING."



"CRAWLED HUMBLY AND FEARFULLY INTO THE FARDEST CORNER OF A SETTEE."

you, except a position as nursery governess, and you might much better go back to Enfield Centre and amuse your own nephews and nieces."

"But," protested Jemima, "I am willing to work hard, and for very little at first. I have a lot of grit."

The lady smiled. "So have thousands of others in this city, my dear, just as eager to work, just as plucky, just as well equipped as you are. Where one succeeds nine fail. Thousands of young women come here either to return home utterly disheartened or to take work which they are far above."

Jemima did not kindle at the suggestion of returning to Enfield Centre.

"If you are determined to stay," said her adviser, noting Jemima's unconvinced expression, "and can afford it, I should advise you to join a class in millinery, stenography, or dressmaking. If you prove capable, we can perhaps get you a position at the expiration of your course. Otherwise, I should get out of New York as soon as possible. If you like," she added, as a substantial backer to her advice, "I will look up your train and send an order for your baggage."

Jemima did not like. She murmured inarticulate thanks and groped her way out. She wiped the dust of the Christian association from her weary feet, and in desperate defiance traversed Broadway. Just when the thought of possible failure stabbed her like a knife, just when she began to fear that in the length and breadth of that huge city there was no place for her, her eye fell upon a sign: "Girls wanted for operators." Now, Jemima would not have known an operator from a hole in the ground. She had never heard the word except in connection with the train-dispatcher at the East Enfield station. But she was game. She climbed two flights of stairs with reviving courage and returning hopes. A German woman welcomed her cordially, even effusively.

"Ya, fräulein! we wands schmardt young girls to sew vor us."

She led Jemima to a large room in the rear—a room in which both light and air were a scarcity. The few windows opened on the brick walls of the neighboring buildings. The room was heavy with the odor of steaming wool. Sallow, hollow-eyed, stooping girls sewed on black garments in the semi-darkness. Their hands, stained with dye, were cracked and pricked from the constant use of needle and thread. Their faces, for the most part, were apathetic or sullen; though a few of the bolder spirits made sly jokes at each other's expense, chewed gum, and cast melting glances at the manager, a dapper young man with waxed mustache. Jemima gazed upon the scene with wide-eyed horror.

"You comes in de morgen ad seven und works undil six, und if you sews schmardt und quick you gets tree tholler a week. You comes to-morrow?"

Jemima had turned and fled, pursued by a nameless terror, and possessed only of a desire to find her friends and die. It was not the thought of slow starvation, when her dwindling hoard should be gone; it was not haunting fear of the scene she had just left that was responsible for the sickening terror which pursued Jemima like a demon. She saw her doom with startling clearness. She had mistaken her calling. A life in the busy, gay metropolis was not for her. No. She would end her days washing milk-pans in the back buttery. Here Jemima choked. She hated milk-pans.

She found the department store and slunk into the side entrance. She who had so boldly and so confidently stormed the citadel in the morning. With apologetic mien she sought the millinery department—Miss Hodge's domain—and crawled humbly and fearfully into the farthest corner of a settee near the door. Things were not going smoothly in the millinery department. Madame de Muth—who, as Miss Hodge had told her, was not French at all, but came from up the State—was finding fault with work, reproofing idleness, and pouring out upon her subordinates well-aimed abuse. Jemima could hear her remarking that if those improvers would rather fail to fill their orders than to stay overtime, they could get out then and there. She didn't know how Mr. Robinson could expect her to get out five hundred hats by Saturday night if he didn't provide her with decent help."

Suddenly Jemima's agonized vision of ignominious return to Enfield Centre was interrupted. It had dawned upon her that Madame de Muth, the great potentate, resembled Mrs. Atkins, the principal's wife. Mrs. Atkins had always been fond of Jemima, and had given her a pair of white kid gloves at parting. In her surprise at the discovery it occurred to Jemima that Madame de Muth might be beset by troubles herself. She forgot her own despairing woe, and leaned forward eagerly for a better view of her fellow-sufferer. Madame de Muth caught Jemima's glance of interest.

"What is your name?" she demanded, beckoning the girl to her.

"Jemima Hickson," returned Jemima, with no trace of awe.

"Did you ever trim a hat?"

"I make the hats for all the first ladies in Enfield Centre," announced Jemima with pride.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

"Indeed!" Madame de Muth's face relaxed into a grim smile; "let's see you trim this one."

Jemima looked critically at the hat in question, chose a roll of ribbon, took her pick of lace and feathers. She proceeded to evolve a creation after the model of one she had seen in an importer's window.

"H'm," said Madame de Muth, glancing curiously from hat to girl; "if you want a place, and aren't afraid to work, I'll give you six dollars a week to start with."

Jemima disposed of her hat and coat, and was given into the hands of a much-driven trimmer. With a radiant smile at the delighted Miss Hodge, across the room, she applied herself to stirring pale-blue panne velvet.

(To be continued.)

A Century of Bible Circulation.

ALL THE churches throughout Protestant Christendom are called upon to observe March 6th as "Bible Sunday," in commemoration of the foundation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which will round out one hundred years of its magnificent and world-wide service on March 7th. It may be regarded as certain that the churches will respond unitedly and heartily to this call, and enter into the observance of the day designated with all zeal and sincerity, since no

them within easy reach of the poor. During the past hundred years it has distributed over 180,000,000 volumes, in about 370 languages, at a total expenditure of over \$70,000,000.

The British society has enjoyed, almost from the beginning, the recognition and support of the foremost men of England and of all the churches, Conformist and Nonconformist. The members of the royal family have always shown it marked favor and approval, and the late Queen Victoria was one of its most hearty and generous patrons. The present King of England when Prince of Wales spoke from its platform, and it has numbered among its presidents and other officials various members of the English nobility. Its first president was Lord Teignmouth, and its third the late Earl of Shaftesbury, who held the office for thirty-four years. He was succeeded in 1886 by the Earl of Harrowby, who presided until his death in 1900. Since that date the chair has been filled by the Marquis of Northampton.

The British society has already received assurances of co-operation in its centennial observance from many churches in this country as well as from the continent of Europe, Africa, the East, British North America, Central America, Brazil and the Argentine, Australia and New Zealand. And in order that the society may be enabled to respond to the many claims that are pressing upon it from every side, it is proposed to raise a special centenary fund of \$1,312,500, which is to be devoted to the enlargement of the society's work in all departments.

In the United States it is desired that the observance of "Bible Sunday," March 6th, shall have special reference to the work and needs of the American Bible Society, an organization founded only a little later on precisely the same principles as the British society, with similar aims and having an equally noble service to its credit. Alone and in co-operation with the parent body in England it has sent out Bibles by the million in all known languages to every quarter of the globe, and laid Protestant Christianity under an indebtedness which can never be repaid. It has performed a great and highly useful service, not only in the distribution of the Bible in this and other lands through its own agencies, but has ever been a most active and valued coadjutor of the missionary boards of all the Protestant denominations in forwarding a knowledge of the Scriptures. It has been aptly called "the right pinion" of these foreign missionary societies, and the secretary of one of the largest of them, the American Board, has recently declared that his work could no more be carried on "without the aid of the Bible Society than a ship could sail without a compass."

Like its British compeer, the American Bible Society has the strength and prestige and the guarantee of wise and efficient management coming from the presence in its official board of men of the highest character and standing. The management is vested in a board composed of thirty-four members, representative of all the leading Protestant churches of America. The president is Daniel C. Gilman, LL.D., of Washington, who is also president of the Carnegie Institution, and was for twenty-five years president of Johns Hopkins University. There are also twenty-six vice-presidents, many of whom are men of acknowledged eminence in business and professional circles. The treasurer is Mr. William Foulke, and the three corresponding secretaries of the society are the Rev. John Fox, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church; the Rev. William I. Haven, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. E. P. Ingersoll, D.D., of the Congregational Church. Its work and aims have commanded the earnest and hearty assent of many of the illustrious men of the nation, including among those now living President Roosevelt, Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, Senator Frye, and many other judges, statesmen, and educators.

It is, however, a source of deep regret to be compelled to add that, notwithstanding all the magnificent missionary and educational work it has done during the ninety and more years of its existence, the American Bible Society has been suffering from a decline in its financial support for the past few years and is now face to face with a serious crisis in its financial affairs, making it imperative, unless adequate gifts are forthcoming at once, for it to curtail its work in some fields and possibly to discontinue it in others entirely. In view of the character of its service, it seems inconceivable that, in a day of general prosperity like this, with vast wealth at its command, the Protestant church membership of America will allow this most honored and beneficent society to be crippled in its activities for lack of the comparatively small fund it needs to meet its annual expenses.

One might easily name a hundred objects or causes on which the beneficence of the country is now lavished, not unworthy in themselves, which could far better be ignored and suffered to languish than the American Bible Society. Changed conditions in religious life and missionary work notable at the present time have intensified the need of the service this organization is constituted to render to the spread of Bible knowledge throughout the world and thus to the promotion of a sound and true civilization.

The Things That Used To Be

LEAT me take a little homily and weave it for your sake
Through some homely little verses which may possibly awake
In some far-off little corner of your heart a memory
Half-forgotten from the attic of The Things that Used To Be.

OH, you blatant, sneering cynic, who go scoffing through the world
With your selfish heart all calloused and your lip forever curled;
You who loudly flaunt at virtue and at innocence—come see
What diversion we can find among The Things that Used To Be!

HERE'S a picture of your mother. Note the patient, wrinkled hand
And the eyes that seem steadfastly looking to some better land;
How her sweet faith held your childhood! and how all the long years through,
Tireless, patient, loving ever, she kept vigil over you!
Not a day so long and weary, not a night so dark and cold,
But she watched your present, praying that the future might unfold
All the glory she had planned you! Put the picture down; for she
Long has rested in the shadow of The Things that Used To Be.

HERE'S a little glove—pathetic in its quaint and ancient grace,
Bringing up another picture of a modest fairy face—
Your first sweetheart! Hark! I hear beneath the white, mysterious moon
Your heart singing low a love-song in the tender month of June!
On your arm a soft hand trembling, on your lips your sweetheart's kiss;
Dare you look again and say there is no purity in this?
But a low wind sadly rustles through the bending maple-tree;
Turn away! these, too, belong among The Things that Used To Be!

HERE'S an old and battered school-book. Mice and moths have scarred it sore,
But it still recalls a picture that you saw when o'er and o'er
You perused these crumpled pages in the golden days of youth,
Searching for the key to glory and the royal road of truth.
Life was not an empty chalice; on the maiden's forehead fair
You gazed reverently—beholding but the star of virtue there!
Poor disfigured book! all sullied through—your heart's epitome!—
Put it back upon the shelf among The Things that Used To Be!

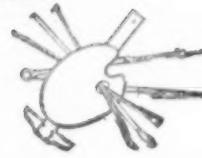
HERE'S a picture of yourself when manhood's sun was rising high,
Throwing bright ambition's baldric in a glory o'er the sky;
Hope had set her shining signals; and the only path you knew
Was the highway leading upward to the innocent and true;
Oh, poor empty-hearted cynic! Underneath your soulless sneer
Lie the graves of dead ambitions and of hope; and oft I hear
In your voice a note of longing for the things you sometimes see
When the dream-time brings you visions of The Things that Used To Be.

OH, poor outcast of sweet sympathy! as far away you grope,
Sick of soul and dry of vision, on the borderland of hope,
Tell me, then, what tender token you can leave with memory
When you, too, pass out to mingle with The Things that Used To Be!

LOWELL OTIS REESE.

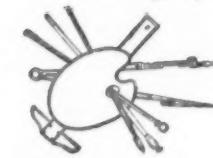
work in all the world is more closely related to their welfare, their progress, and their very life than the work carried on by this great Bible society and its branches and off-shoots in every land under the sun.

The British and Foreign Bible Society owes its origin largely to a pathetic incident related to the English Tract Society by one of its representatives in Wales, a Welsh preacher, who had been deeply moved by the "Bible famine" then existing in that country. He showed the need and the eagerness of his people by telling of a little Welsh girl who had come to him from a distance of between twenty and thirty miles, over the wild mountains, to purchase a Bible. In consequence of this appeal, a thought suggested itself to the secretary of the tract society, that "if such a society were likely to prove useful to Wales, why not to the other countries of Europe—to the whole world?" This thought was destined to result in what has been called the greatest literary enterprise of the nineteen Christian centuries. It had for its motto at the outset these words: "Let us be the first institution that ever emanated from one of the nations of Europe for the express purpose of doing good to all the rest." The British and Foreign Bible Society has existed from the beginning for one specific object—to translate the Scriptures into various languages of the world, and to circulate them without note or comment, free of charge in cases of necessity, but otherwise at prices, irrespective of the original cost, which bring



Charles M. Russell, the Cowboy Artist

By Sumner W. Matteson



IN THE art world the career of Charles M. Russell is unique. Born in St. Louis at the close of the war, he early amused himself by modeling horses from chewing wax and in sketching whatever caught his fancy. His leanings were decidedly toward the West, and at the age of fifteen he departed for parts unknown. Range-riding and path-finding came naturally to him, and his youth, his daring, and his art made him a welcome visitor at any frontier camp. Gradually he made his way to the Northwest, where the hills and plains of Montana seemed to fascinate him, and where he knew the life of a cowboy would satisfy his heartfelt longings. His letters home and elsewhere were pencil sketches, as writing was not agreeable to him.

During the winter of 1885 and 1886 Russell was a "cow-puncher" with the OH outfit on the Judith River. After a rainy spell a norther quickly sent the mercury from freezing to zero and below, icing all vegetation and burying it deep under the snow. This extreme condition continued for eight weeks, during which time, though horses with their solid hoofs were able to paw through to some nourishment, the cattle were left absolutely helpless. The storm came early and caught the stockmen unprepared, and day by day the range-riders reported carcasses and stragglers here and there until it seemed that none of the cattle could survive. In February Louis Kaufman, of Helena, wrote to learn how 5,000 steers belonging to the Bar R outfit had pulled through. Jesse Phelps was in charge and he replied at some length, while Russell, in an idle moment, hurriedly sketched a scene of the day previous, showing one of the survivors of the herd in the midst of deep snow, with feet crowded close together, ears frozen, eyes bedimmed, and hide as though thrown loosely over a rickety framework. Prairie wolves were crowding closer and closer, too cowardly to attack while yet a spark of life remained; but now, counting only moments until the end, they were summoning their kin to the feast, or perhaps were even then calling for others less cowardly than themselves to pounce upon the tottering prey. There was a realism about this picture of the tragedy of the plains that spoke volumes and made a letter unnecessary. The simple inscription, "Waiting for a Chinook — The Last of the 5,000," together with the rough sketch constituted the report, and such a report as was soon read by thousands all over the world, through the literature of the National Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Letters came to Russell from all parts of the country praying for a more enduring execution of so worthy a subject, and encouraging him to cultivate his natural art as a plains historian. No replica of this drawing has ever been made, nor has Russell to this day ever consented to duplicate or to work over any of his originals, however crude in execution or worthy in subject. But gradually Russell came to do more sketching and painting to reward those who had favored him and to provide that which might be necessary for his support and his amusement while in town. It was not until 1892 that he moved to Great Falls, Mont., and really made a business of his art, and then only in a careless and indifferent way. Of the twelve years spent in the saddle to give him a thorough knowledge of the crafts and habits of the cowboy and his creatures, Russell spent two years with an old



CHARLES M. RUSSELL AT WORK ON HIS SPIRITED PICTURE, "A ROUGH HOUSE."—Matteson.

trapper and one with the Blackfeet, Blood, and Piegan Indians.

Russell had now added to his natural ability a wealth of subjects that would serve him for a lifetime, but he seemed to be lacking in energy and ambition. These qualities were added to, however, when in 1896 he took unto himself, as a life partner and business manager, Miss Nancy Cooper, of Cascade, Mont. She, though born in Kentucky, was bred in



MRS. RUSSELL, THE ARTIST'S WIFE.—Strauss.

the West, and is a good type of a thorough-going Western woman. Being energetic and ambitious, and well knowing her husband's natural ability as an artist, she has taken the contract to make good his shortcomings, and to key him up to the best possible that is in him. Their devotion to each other is truly beautiful. In his characteristic way, the announcements of their wedding were companion pen sketches, one of a deserted, unkept shack, begrimed with grease and smoke, and where even the alarm-clock refused to be regulated; the other a cozy cottage, with a happy pair seated at a well-ordered table, so contented that all who saw the sketch could not but long to see the sub-

ject itself. Since that time Russell's work has steadily improved, both in quantity and quality, and, thanks to his wife, it is now commanding prices that insure his future.

During the past year the artist has built at Great Falls a log-cabin studio in which are displayed his wax models and Indian curios. Of pictures he has scarcely a sample, for he seems unable to keep pace with the demand. The first product of the new studio was a water-color entitled "Roping a Grizzly." Those who have sought to purchase this have been disappointed by the same indifferent response, "It has been entered for the St. Louis exposition and is not for sale." Like many of Russell's works, this one needs no title, but tells a story of continually increasing interest that will cause it to live when the frontier is but a memory. Russell's figures and action are scarcely equaled, while his sombre colorings of the ranges and vast reaches, and the endless desolation of his barren foothills, make him the equal, if not the superior of the few really good workers in this most deserving field. He has a large heart and spreads it on the canvas in a way that makes his pictures breathe the incense of the prairie and glow with tints that only a true Westerner can appreciate.

Russell is an adept with the rope, and, like most cowboys, has been so long on four legs that he will walk a mile to secure his horse rather than go a half without him. In mountain climbing and through the timber he has no desire to venture where his horse cannot carry him. He now rides "Neenah," a splendid pony purchased from the Cree Indians in 1900, while "Monte," purchased from the Blackfeet in 1880, is still on the premises and well taken care of. "She can't talk," says Russell, "but we understand each other." Once only during twenty-four years have they been separated, and that when friends prevailed upon "Charley" to go East or abroad for study. He got as far as St. Louis and endured the best part of two lessons, when it seemed the limit had been reached, and he hastened back to where he could "see things coming," and where the subjects were more to his liking. These two lessons are all the instruction ever given him.

Aside from his skill with the brush and pencil, he is an adept at modeling in clay and wax, and has made a number of faithful portrayals of intricate subjects. Perhaps the best of these was a rearing horse with rider, recently executed for the St. Louis exposition, and which was ruined in an attempt at casting by one who had guaranteed results. Calling at his studio last August, I was surprised to see a match-holder and ash-tray in clay, with a Moki Indian squatting before a rattlesnake. The Indian I recognized at once as Lomanakshu, the Snake chief of Mishonginovi, and realizing that Russell had never been in the Southwest, I was at a loss to know where he had found his subject. It seems that a small half-tone in a Field Columbian report was all that he had to go by.

Like an Indian, Russell is stolid and indifferent to a stranger; but, in the glow of a camp fire and surrounded by friends and wreaths of smoke, he warms up, and has often proved himself a prince of story-tellers. An Indian sash, a soft shirt, and a sombrero are essential to his attire, whether on the range or in the ball-room, and though these would be conspicuous elsewhere, in Montana Charley Russell would now be more conspicuous if otherwise attired.

Stand by the Public Schools

WE MAY not be open to the charge of taking sides in a sectarian controversy if we proceed to affirm our stand and unwavering loyalty to the American public-school system as it exists to-day, and our intense opposition to the plans and proposals now being made again in various quarters for diverting a part of the public funds to the support of sectarian schools, and, the abandonment, in some of its most essential features, of our present free educational system. We believe this to be a question transcending all sectarian divisions, all religious differences, and taking hold upon vital principles underlying the whole fabric of our free institutions.

The absolute separation of church and state is a fundamental tenet of a truly democratic government, and as necessary, in our opinion, to its very existence as manhood suffrage, trial by jury, a free press, or any other recognized and guaranteed right of a popular government. A diversion of the public-school fund, such as is now seriously proposed in New Jersey, for instance, to the support of parochial schools, would be a distinct recognition of the church by the state in a form that could only work infinite harm to both eventually, while the act itself would be a retrograde movement in our whole scheme of government, a reversion to a type of administration long since abandoned and left behind by the most intelligent and progressive men and advocates of democratic institutions the world over.

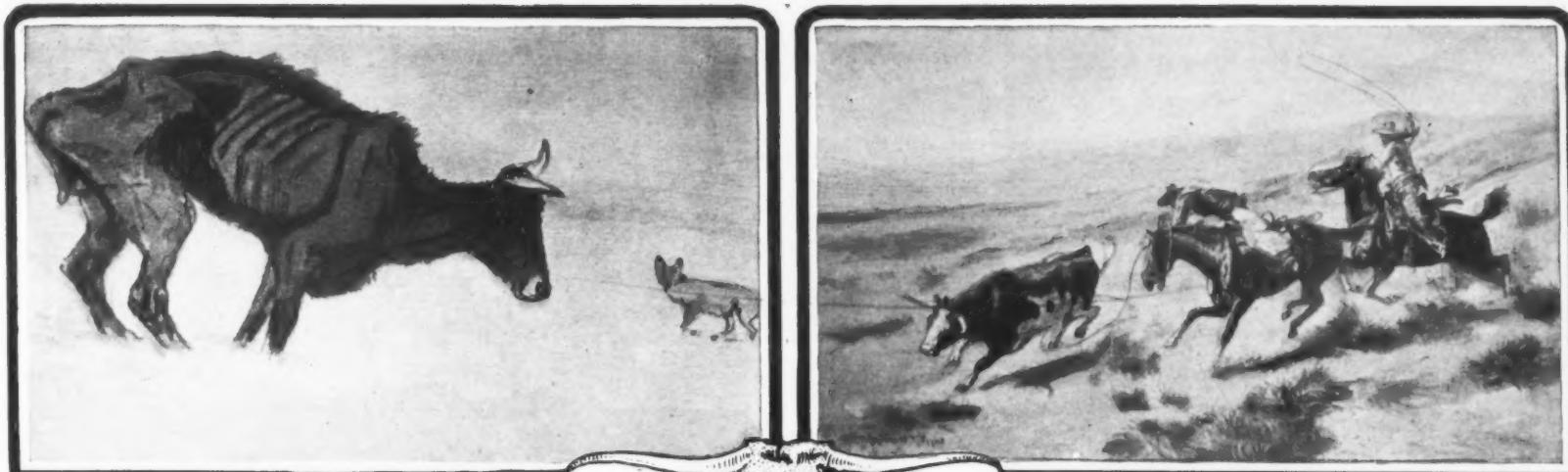
A renewed and vigorous attack is being made upon the American public-school system in certain quarters, and the evidence is at hand to show that some of our prominent politicians, eager for votes, are catering to the elements engaged in this movement. Our public schools are too strongly entrenched in the favor of the American people to be greatly endangered by this hostility, but it is well, nevertheless, that those who have the best and highest interests of the country at heart should see to it that nothing is allowed to weaken these popular educational institutions at any point or interfere with their further extension and improvement.

It is difficult to understand how any man or any body of men claiming loyalty to American ideas and institutions, and truly desirous of the further advancement of the American people, can array themselves against our free public-school system. For nothing is more distinctively American than this system; nothing has contributed more positively and directly to the strength, prestige, and success which the nation enjoys to-day. The high level of intelligence among the American people—far higher than that of any other—their remarkable and unprecedented achievements in science and invention, in the arts and industries, their capacity for self-government, their wonderful material prosperity—all these things are attributable in a large degree to the educational advantages they have enjoyed in our public schools. All this is so obvious and so

generally recognized that the mere statement seems trite, and would be unnecessary were it not for these occasional and insidious attempts that are made to discredit these schools and weaken their hold on public favor.

Our free schools may, in brief, be rightfully regarded as constituting a fixed and essential feature in the American system of government; as much so as our courts, our suffrage rights, our free press, our methods of political procedure, or anything else that enters into our national life and forms an integral part of our political and social systems. An effort to destroy these free schools, to supplant them with institutions of another and inferior kind, may be justly condemned as an attack upon one of the dearest, most sacred, and most valuable possessions of the American people, and no man can be a party to such a movement and be true to his obligations as an American citizen.

Our public schools have not reached an ideal standard, and they are not beyond honest criticism in some of their methods, but they are growing better and more effective every year, and the work to be done with them and for them is constructive and not destructive. With the vast and ever-increasing volume of foreign immigration pouring in upon us, these free schools are needed as never before; they stand as our chief hope against the perils of alienism and illiteracy confronting us to-day. Not extinction but extension, should be the watchword with our public-school system.

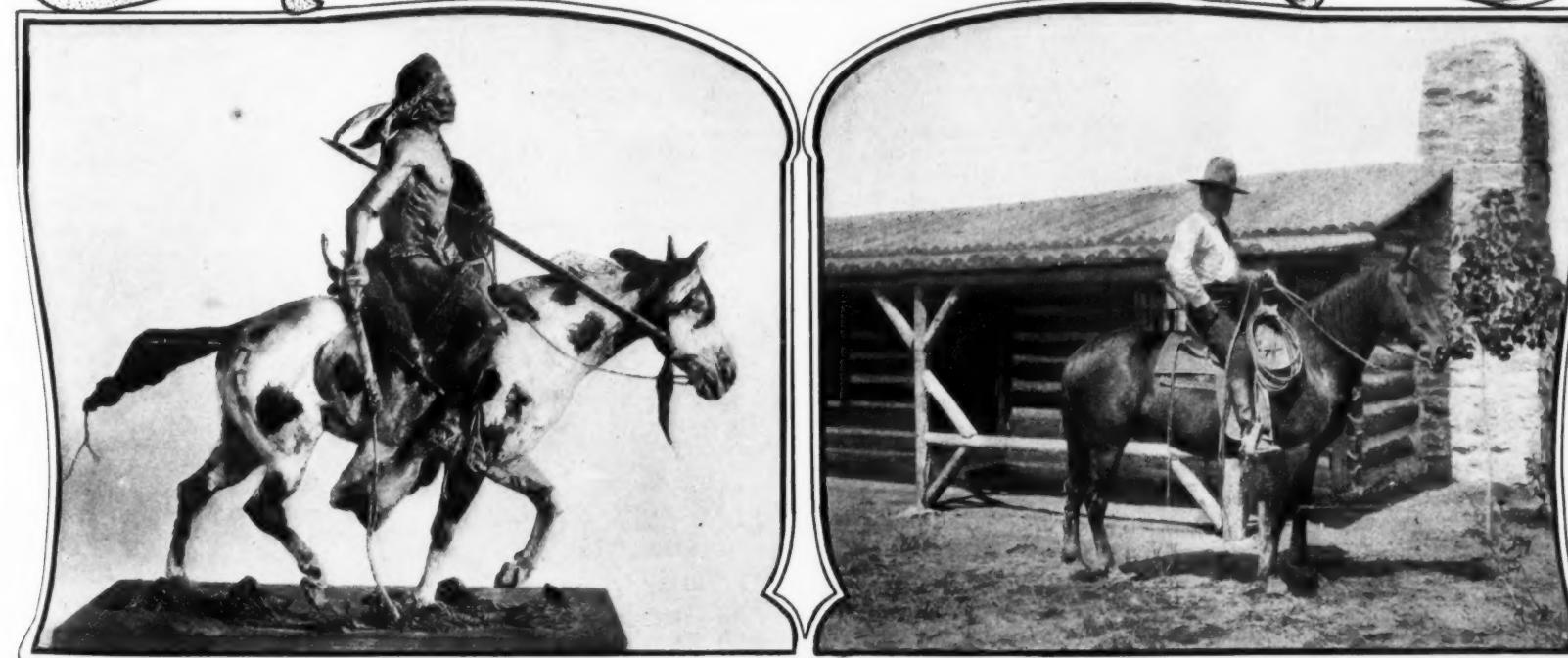


"WAITING FOR A CHINOOK—THE LAST OF 5,000"—PICTURE WHICH FIRST BROUGHT CHARLES M. RUSSELL INTO GENERAL NOTICE.

COWBOY ROPING THE HIND FEET OF AN ESCAPING STEER.
From an oil painting by Charles M. Russell.



ONE OF THE DARING FEATS OF WESTERN COWBOYS—MOUNTED ON TERRIFIED PONIES, THEY LASO A HUGE GRIZZLY AND TAKE ALIVE A "MONARCH OF THE ROCKIES."—From the copyrighted painting, to be exhibited at the St. Louis exposition, by Charles M. Russell, the cowboy artist.



WAX FIGURE OF SIOUX INDIAN AND PINTO, MODELED BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL.

THE COWBOY ARTIST, CHARLES M. RUSSELL, HIS PET PONY, AND HIS LOG-CABIN STUDIO.

A WESTERN "COWBOY ARTIST" SUDDENLY BECOMES FAMOUS.
REMARKABLE PICTURES PRODUCED BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL, AN UNTAUGHT GENIUS OF MONTANA. See opposite page.



In the World of Sports

By H. P. Burchell



BROWN'S UNIQUE ATHLETIC POSITION.—The action of the board of directors of the Brown University Athletic Association in repealing the rule which debarred students who have engaged in athletics for money from representing Brown in intercollegiate contests has furnished a situation in athletics which is as unique as it is startling. While generally condemned, the action is being championed by some who take the stand that the teams, by this ruling, are placed in an honest position, which hitherto has not been the case. The whole matter, however, is a decided step backward in college eligibility rules, and is certain to react upon those who have taken it. For the last few years the rules determining the eligibility of students in the various colleges and universities have been getting more and more stringent, and, even with the best intentions, it has been impossible in some colleges to prevent ineligible students from taking part in games. A few years ago there were many complaints about the Brown rules, when it was asserted by many of the colleges that the various teams could be, and were, made up in part of men who had no right to represent any college as amateurs, and the rule just repealed was instituted to make the teams from Brown as strictly amateur as those of any college. In announcing the change, the board stated that it had full power in regard to all regulations of Brown athletics, but it has no power over the other colleges, and it is more than likely that some action will be taken by other teams to see that no professional or "semi-professional" shall be on a Brown team.

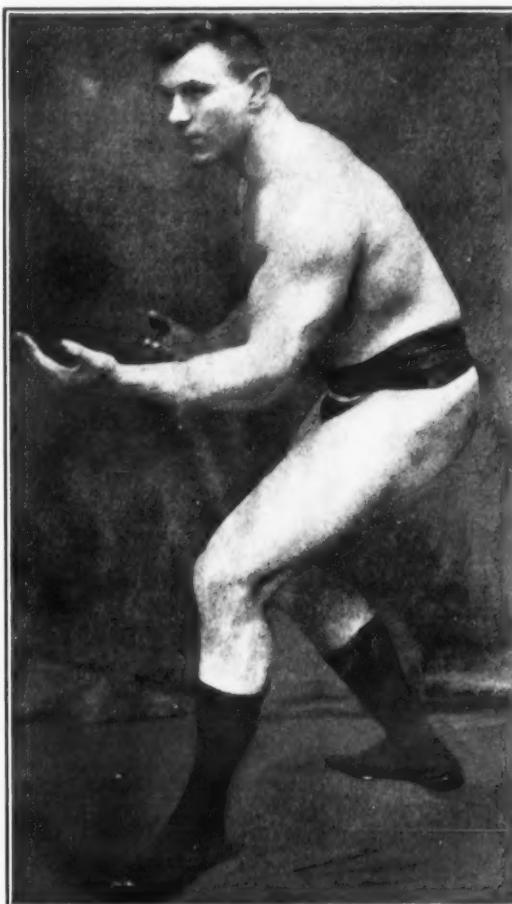
HARVARD'S ATHLETIC DIFFICULTY.—Harvard men are considerably aroused by the opposition which has been recently shown to athletics by President Eliot and members of the Harvard faculty. The crimson students feel that with an unsuccessful crew and football team they have enough to battle with, without being forced to combat the faculty. President Eliot, however, is apparently not greatly concerned about the attitude of the students, for in his last annual report, recently issued, he does not hesitate to express his disapproval of college sports in strong terms. He is particularly sturdy in his criticism of football, speaking as follows: "The game which has been conducted with least intelligence and success is football—except from a pecuniary point of view. The breaking up of college work for the individual student by frequent absences to play games at a distance is an evil which ought to be checked. It is a greater evil than formerly, now that intercollegiate games are played all the year round." Professor I. N. Hollis, who was faculty chairman of the committee on athletics at Harvard, also speaks disapprovingly of certain aspects of college athletics, particularly football. He says: "There is one phase of football which should engage the attention of all college men—that is the promotion of honor and fairness on the field and in the preparation of teams. In the main the players are disposed to keep within the rules in their games, and if left to themselves or brought into contact only with the best advisers would probably in the end make football a game wholly unobjectionable. It is unfortunate that the game should be regulated and directed so entirely by coaches, whose point of view is strategy. Under the present system violation of the rules can be concealed from the spectators, and even from the officers of the game, thus giving an advantage to unscrupulous players and coaches."

HARMONY AMONG BOWLERS.—The result of the annual convention of the American Bowling Congress at Cleveland indicates that the popular winter pastime will be conducted on broader and more desirable lines than ever before. After two years of contention and the subsequent withdrawal from the congress, New



CARL E. ADAMS (AT RIGHT), 1904, HEAD COACH OF YALE'S ROWING CREWS, AND FIRST UNDERGRADUATE TO HOLD THAT OFFICE. J. B. BYERS, YALE'S COXSWAIN, AT LEFT.—*Sedgwick.*

York has gained its right to be a part and parcel of the organization. According to the peace agreement entered into between the East and the West, the bowlers



GEORG HACKENSCHMIDT, RUSSIA'S WRESTLING CHAMPION, WHO DEFEATED AHMED MADRALI, THE TURKISH SULTAN'S FAVORITE WRESTLER, IN A GRECO-ROMAN MATCH AT THE OLYMPIA, LONDON, IN THE PRESENCE OF 10,000 SPECTATORS, WINNING A PURSE OF \$8,000—MADRALI, "THE TERRIBLE TURK," WAS THROWN IN THE FIRST FALL, AND HIS SHOULDER WAS DISLOCATED.

The King.

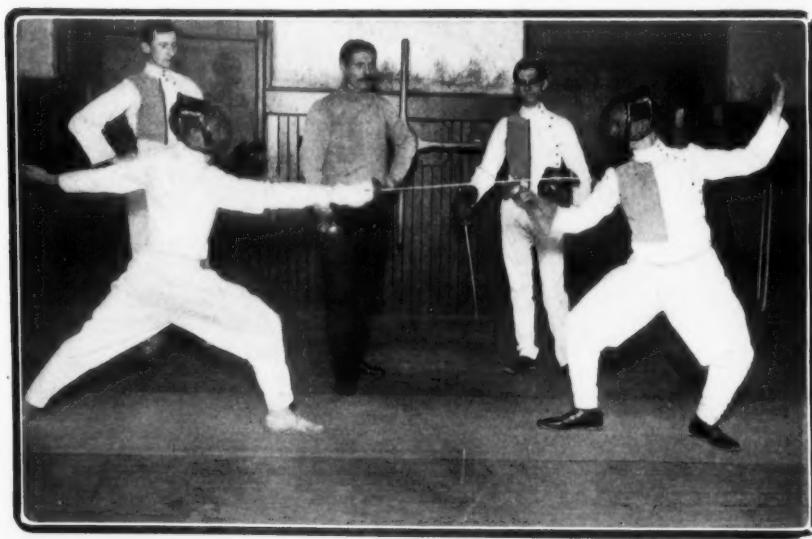
in this locality who are members of the New York Bowling Association will be bound by the rules of the congress, but the association will have absolute control of its alley affairs. The opposition of the local men to "mushroom" clubs or organizations that sprang up in emergencies, but had as much voice inconventions as regularly constituted clubs, resulted in the total obliteration of these. The only matter that the New York committee at Cleveland failed in was in regard to the loaded ball. A temporary compromise was effected, but what the local representatives pleaded for—the rejection of the loaded ball and the sphere to be all wood—was voted down. The contention of the New York committee that the weight of the ball shall not exceed sixteen pounds was concurred in. The organization of the National Bowling League, of which Captain Anson is the head, will, it is thought, result in producing as much rivalry among players, and as much enthusiasm among spectators, as in baseball.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH.—Lord Harris, the English cricketer, on behalf of a number of schools in England, has sent an invitation to Haverford College to play a series of matches in England this summer. The matter has been given careful consideration by the faculty of the college, and President Sharpless has decided to accept the invitation. It is expected that the team will leave Philadelphia about the middle of June and play until the end of August. The schools which have instructed Lord Harris to act for them are Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Marlborough, Clifton, Cheltenham, Repton, Malvern, Charterhouse, Haileybury, and Shrewsbury. All of these schools were met on the two previous occasions, 1896 and 1900, when Haverford sent its team abroad. In 1900, of fourteen games played, three were won, four lost, and seven drawn. The victories were obtained over Rugby, Cheltenham, and Malvern. The Haverford team this year will be unusually strong and well balanced. It will have C. C. Morris, the young international player, as captain, while all the men who played last year, with the exception of J. B. Drinker, will be available. Henry Cope, of the class of '69, who has done much for the encouragement of cricket at Haverford, will probably accompany the team abroad.

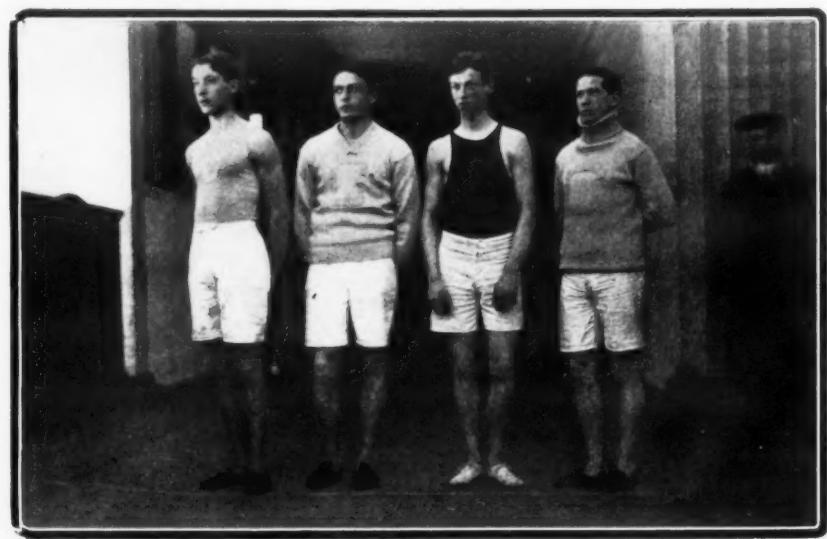
COACH COURTYARD APPEASED.—Cornell men as a rule naturally are pleased that the threatened serious difficulty with Coach Charles Courtney has been satisfactorily straightened out, and that Courtney will resume his old and efficient duties in charge of Cornell's aquatic interests. Courtney must evidently have known his own value as a crew coach when he threw down the gauntlet of war to the navy committee which had ventured to pick out an assistant coach without his advice or consent. The committee evidently knew his worth, too, or it would scarcely have backed down from its position and left the decision in Courtney's hands so that he should consent to resume his duties. However humiliated the committee members may feel, it can scarcely be questioned that their action was wise so far as Cornell's rowing interests were concerned. Courtney is an independent man, and if he were not allowed to have his own way there is no doubt that he would not hesitate to leave Cornell.

GOLFERS RETURN TO MEDAL PLAY.—No better illustration was needed to show the failure of the all-match-play system in golf to meet with popular approval than was given by the action of the Metropolitan Golf Association at its annual meeting, when a return to the medal-play qualifying round was unanimously approved. The action is of peculiar interest,

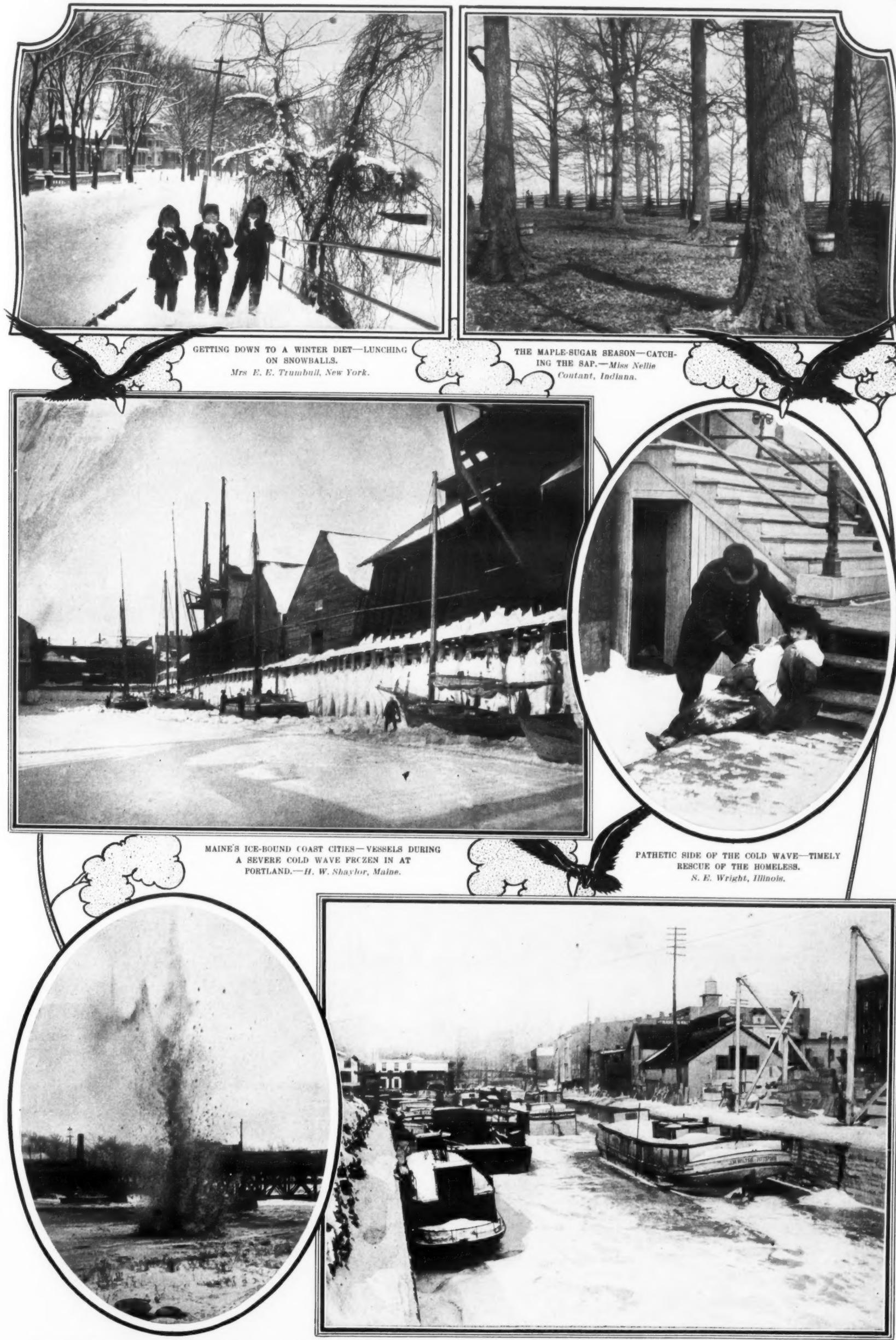
Continued on page 215.



SKILLED FENCING TEAM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHICH HOPES TO BEAT THE YALE AND HARVARD TEAMS—LIEUTENANT TOURAINE, INSTRUCTOR, LATE OF THE ITALIAN NAVY, IN CENTRE.—*Petrie & Jones.*



TWO-MILE RELAY TEAM OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, WHICH MADE A GOOD SHOWING IN A RECENT INTERCOLLEGiate RACE AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—*Butte.*



(PRIZE-WINNER.) DYNAMITING AN ICE-JAM IN THE GENESEE RIVER AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Charles Turpin, New York.

WINTER'S GRIP ON THE ERIE CANAL.
J. R. Iglick, New York.

AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—NEW YORK WINS.
PICTURE HARVEST OF THE SKILLFUL CAMERISTS, WHO VALIANTLY DEFY THE WINTER'S COLD.
(SEE OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 225.)

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

By La Salle A. Maynard

WHILE THE late R. H. Stoddard, the poet and critic, was far from being a follower of the non-resistant school of Tolstoi—one of the kind who turn their cheeks to the smiter—that he was a man of more than ordinary charitableness and kindness of heart is evident from many anecdotes and incidents of his life recorded in his volume of "Recollections" (A. S. Barnes & Co.). The chapter recounting his meetings with Edgar Allan Poe in the days when that eccentric and unhappy man was editing the *Broadway Journal* has no trace of bitterness or resentment in it, although Poe treated young Stoddard on several occasions in the most insulting and shabby manner. Such an occasion was that when Stoddard submitted to the editor of the *Broadway Journal* his first poem, the "Ode on a Grecian Flute." Poe at first promised that the poem would appear immediately, but instead he published a note in his paper declaring that he doubted the originality of the ode "for the reason that it is too good at some points to be so bad at others," and added that unless the author could reassure him he would decline it altogether. Naturally enough Stoddard was surprised and indignant at this reception of his verse, and lost no time in calling on Poe in his editorial sanctum, prepared to furnish all possible proof of his veracity and good faith. What followed is best described by Stoddard himself: "He (Poe) was sitting in a chair asleep, but the publisher awoke him. He was in a morose mood. 'Mr. Poe,' I said, 'I called to assure you that I did write the "Ode on a Grecian Flute."' Poe started and glared at me and shouted, 'You lie, — you ! Get out of here, or I'll throw you out.' " Of course the author of the ode promptly got out, far more astonished and indignant than before. He does not tell us what Poe actually did with his poem afterward, but records the fact that when he came to think the matter over outside he came to the comforting and truly philosophic conclusion that he really ought to feel flattered over Poe's treatment of him rather than otherwise; for had not the great man "declared that I did not write the poem, when I knew that I did ? What a genius I must be!" In further comment on this painful experience Stoddard expresses pity rather than blame for the unfortunate man, to whom an unhappy heredity and many untoward circumstances had brought so many sorrows and infirmities. Stoddard met Poe many times after this, he says, but they never spoke.

A MONG THE shining lights in the literary firmament with whom Stoddard was on terms of more or less intimacy in the earlier years of his life in New York were Bayard Taylor, Hawthorne, Lowell, Bryant, Thomas Buchanan Read, and George H. Boker, concerning each of whom there are recorded here some delightful memories. It was through Taylor that Stoddard met Washington Irving and Thackeray, and through whom he might have met many others, "but for a certain wayward indifference which was native to me, and which I have never ceased to lament." When Taylor returned in 1858 from his second trip abroad, "with a German wife and a German-American daughter, clothed after the manner of babies in the fatherland," the two families took up their residence together under the same roof in Brooklyn, spent Christmas together, and thereafter never failed to celebrate that holiday in each other's company so long as it was possible to do so. The two men were most congenial, and it used to be a dream of theirs that they would have a spacious mansion of their own. "It would be so jolly to have a library in which we could write ! And how we would write ! They would soon cease to call us 'younger poets,' and we would take our places among the old masters. Young, quotha ? Why, we were thirty-four !" The dream never came true for both. Taylor prospered and had a mansion at Kennett Square, "Cedarcroft," where the less fortunate Stoddard was always a favored and welcome guest, but only a guest.

I T IS NOT surprising, perhaps, that Stoddard fails to make the slightest allusion to his work as literary editor of the *Mail and Express*, although he held that position from 1880 to the time of his death. For the greater part of these years he suffered greatly from failing eye-sight and other bodily infirmities, and to these were added the much heavier sorrow coming from the loss of an only and a brilliant son and his gifted and beloved wife Elizabeth. There were times, too, when Stoddard's work on the *Mail and Express* was carried on under conditions and circumstances that were far from pleasant, and his recollections of this period could not, on the whole, have been very happy. It was during these days that a brief connection with the same paper brought us into frequent contact with Stoddard himself, and a contact still more frequent with his copy for the literary column which he always supplied in his own clear but closely-written handwriting, and always promptly and to the full limit of his space. He was feeble and nearly blind and a pitiful figure oftentimes as he appeared in the office with his



R. H. STODDARD AND ELIZABETH STODDARD.
From the late poet's "Recollections," published by A. S. Barnes Company.

consignments of copy. He would linger occasionally when he was in his happier moods, and delight us all by his apparently inexhaustible fund of stories of the notable people he had met in days past. Almost the only social recreation he gave himself, outside of his home, in his later years were hours spent at the Authors' Club or at the Century, of which he was a valued member from almost the beginning. How much Stoddard prized his connection with the Century and the companionships which it brought him may be judged in part from a poem which he wrote on its fiftieth anniversary :

"The Century
Has been, and is, so much to me ;
So much that when I come to die,
I think 'twould ease my parting sigh,
If I could know that some one here
Would think of me when all was done,
And say, betwixt a smile and tear,
He was a good Centurion."

A TIMELY and valuable work in view of the approaching presidential campaign will be the "History of the Republican Party," announced for early publication by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It will be written by Mr. Francis Curtis, of Springfield, Mass., the well-known statistician. The work is by no means to be classed among the ephemeral productions of its kind which appear in every campaign ; it is the outcome of years of study and research, and will aim to be a standard authority on the subject, and thus of lasting interest and value. How highly the forthcoming book is regarded by leading representatives of the Republican party may be judged by the fact that it is supplied with a "foreword" by President Roosevelt under the title, "The History and Policy of the Republican Party," and that the introduction will be written by the veteran Senator Frye, of Maine, and Speaker Cannon, of the House of Representatives. It might go without saying that a work issued under such auspices must be of far more than ordinary merit.

I T WAS a scientist of the University of Chicago who in a magazine article two or three years ago made the remarkable statement that there was no reason in the nature of things why the life of a human being should not be continued indefinitely, and he predicted that science would yet provide the means whereby the physical man would be able to defy Father Time for a prolonged period, if not to put the old gentleman with the scythe out of business altogether. With the marvels of radium, the wireless telegraph, and other wonders fresh before us, we are not prepared to doubt anything any more, and therefore we shall raise no question-marks before this astounding prophecy of the Chicago savant. We do know, as a matter of fact, that the average duration of human life has been raised several points in recent years; and who shall say where that upward tendency is to stop ? It is certain, also, that the subject of longevity, how to attain length of years, has received more attention in recent days than probably ever before, not only among biologists and other scientists, but also among thoughtful men and women the world over. It is an interest of this kind that has led to the formation of a Hundred Year Club in New York, a body of men and women who meet together to discuss subjects relating to the preservation of health and the prolongation of life. A highly valuable contribution to the literature of longevity has just been made in a new and improved English version of the treatise of the celebrated Venetian, Louis Cornaro, on "The Art of Living Long." Cornaro made his practice as good as his preaching by living to be over a hundred years old, and he wrote this treatise when he was over eighty-six. Included in the volume are essays relating to the same general topic by Addison, Lord Bacon, and Sir William Temple. The volume is issued by the Moody Publishing Company, 35 Nassau Street, New York. Cornaro's "art" was simple enough, and his rules insuring long life and happiness quite within the reach of all who have the grace of heart and strength of mind to adopt and follow them. It is his counsel, for instance, that after the age of thirty the diet should be confined to "bread dipped in wine, bread soup, and eggs with bread—the true diet to preserve the life of a man of poor constitution." Temperance in all things

is the essence of Cornaro's teaching, but he illustrates and enforces his doctrine in such a persuasive and convincing way that his treatise must be read in its entirety to be appreciated. While his counsel is old, like other wisdom of ancient times, it is rare and precious and far better than much that passes for wisdom in these days. Cornaro's treatise is, in brief, a genuine classic in the literature of longevity, and worthy of the most careful study.

JAMES L. FORD'S new story, "The Brazen Calf" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), was just beginning to attract attention when the marriage of Miss Goelet and the Duke of Roxburghe called forth such an astounding exhibition of precisely the kind of snobbery that the book satirizes in such an amusing manner. The published descriptions of the scenes at this wedding, when

no less than fifteen vulgar women were dragged out of the coal-hole, while thousands of others fought and scratched and scrambled for the privilege of obtaining a glimpse of the young couple, have served to direct the attention of the well-bred American element to the growth of this disgusting worship of the "four hundred" and also to impart to Mr. Ford's latest book a timely value. No one who has ever lived in a boarding-house—especially in a New York boarding-house—will fail to recognize Mrs. Catnip, Mrs. Taffeta, Mrs. Grinders, and the rest of the company, while the manner in which society is discussed by these women, and the eagerness with which they view fashionable weddings from the sidewalk, will strike home to every one of average humorous perception. But the marriage of Tommy Timpson to Kitty Titpurse, as described by Mr. Ford, although funny enough to suggest caricature, is not a circumstance in the matter of a public exhibition of vulgarity to the recent ceremony which converted Miss Goelet into a duchess.

M R. HENRY W. BOYNTON, author of the little volume on Bret Harte published by McClure, Phillips & Co. in their series of "Contemporary Men of Letters," thinks that Harte came near being utterly spoiled by the social and financial attentions heaped upon him just after he came East from San Francisco in the flush of his first great success. He was feted and lionized in Boston and New York and subsidized for a time at the rate of ten thousand a year by the *Atlantic Monthly*, all with the result of making him careless, idle, and extravagant. The matter was made worse by his having "tasted the joys of a political sinecure," and so when another berth of the same kind was offered him—a consulate at Crefeld, Germany—he promptly accepted, and thus apparently ended whatever chance there was remaining of a return to his original literary vigor and productiveness. To put the case plainly, in Mr. Boynton's own phrase, the astounding success and popularity attending the appearance of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and other California tales in prose and verse "turned" Harte's head, and nothing that occurred afterward turned it back again. His two consulates, first at Crefeld and afterward at Glasgow, were not creditable to his zeal and faithfulness as a public official, while they served to confirm certain propensities of his nature which operated to the further decline of his literary powers. "The rest of his life," says Mr. Boynton, "he spent in England, and during those seventeen years, though he wrote much, he produced nothing which added materially to his literary reputation." This is frank criticism, but we believe it to be just and true. We have never been able to share the enthusiasm of many over Harte's stories other than those produced during the California period of his life. As Mr. Boynton says, "a certain direct, humorous acceptance of the ruder conditions of frontier life seems to have been his most valuable asset." Harte's range was extremely limited. Had he remained in California, where he belonged and where the people and the conditions of life were of a kind that he could understand and interpret, he might have done something more than he did to the enrichment of American literature.

M R. CLIFTON JOHNSON, well known for the travel-books he has written and illustrated, has published a volume on Scotland entitled "The Land of the Heather" (Macmillan). He made his home for several weeks in Drumtochty, in the cottage of the village shoemaker. The Drumtochty folk esteem "Ian Maclare" a very clever man, but they do not care much for his writings aside from the interest stirred by their purely local flavor. Mr. Johnson says that the Scotch, as a people, are hard drinkers, but that drunkenness is falling more and more into disrepute. He thinks that clerical tippling is not regarded as so detrimental to a pastor's interest and efficiency in Scotland as it would be in the United States. Thrums Mr. Johnson found to be a real place.

BITTERS that benefit mind and body : Abbott's Angostura build up wasted tissue, brighten up the mental, and make new men and women.



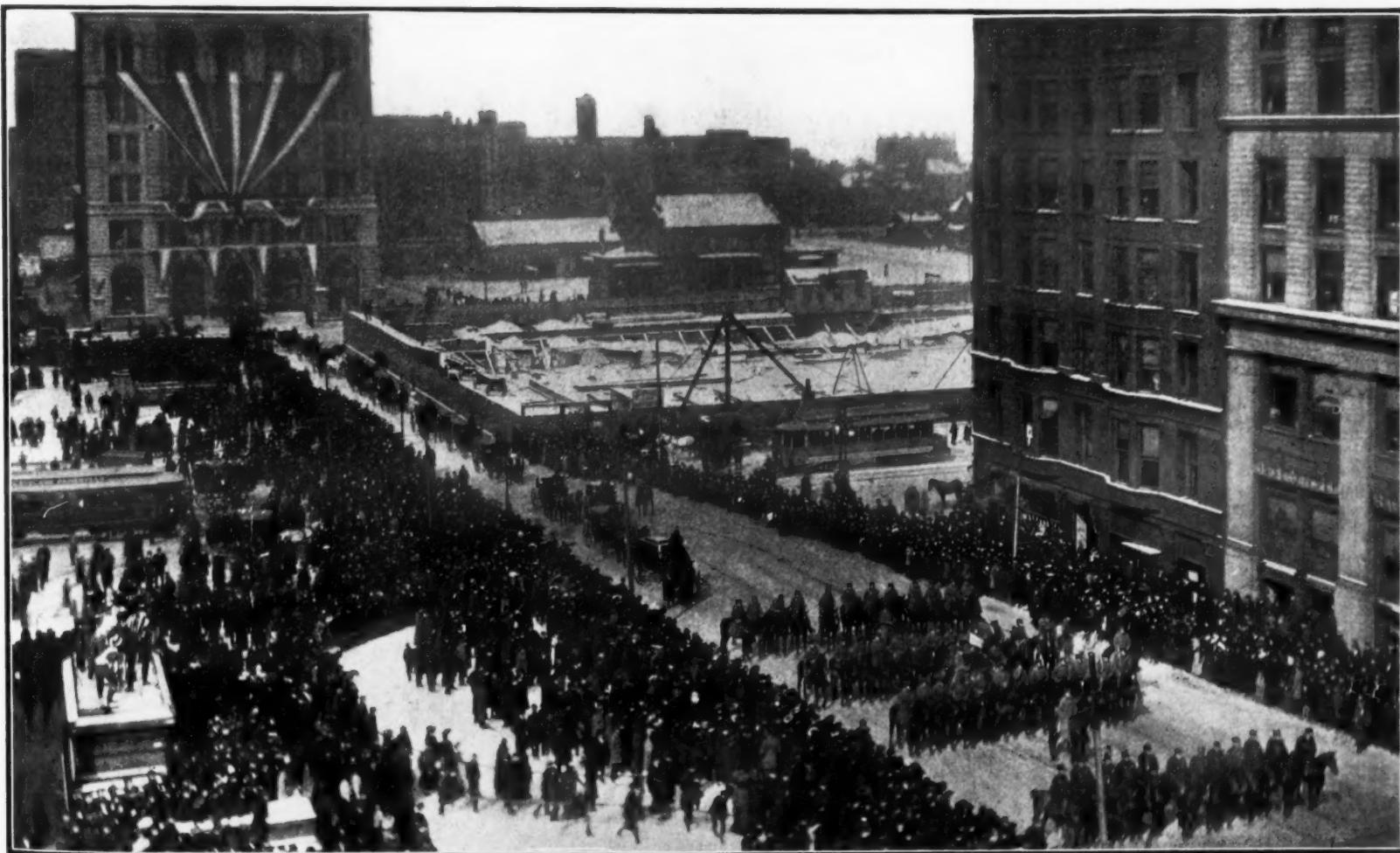
REVERENT CROWD AT THE ARLINGTON HOTEL, WASHINGTON, IN WHICH SENATOR HANNA DIED, AWAITING THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS.—*Cullen.*



THE HEARSE BEARING THE BODY FROM THE ARLINGTON HOTEL TO THE NATIONAL CAPITOL FOR THE STATE FUNERAL, WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY THE PRESIDENT AND MANY OTHER PROMINENT MEN.—*Cullen.*



CAPITOL POLICEMEN BEARING THE FLOWER-COVERED CASKET UP THE STEPS TO THE SENATE CHAMBER, WHERE IMPRESSIVE SERVICES WERE CONDUCTED BY THE REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D., CHAPLAIN OF THE SENATE.—*Cullen.*



MULTITUDES AT CLEVELAND, O., WITNESSING THE SOLEMN CORTEGE FROM THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, WHERE THE REMAINS HAD LAIN IN STATE, TO ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WHERE THE FINAL SERVICES WERE HELD.—*General Engraving Company.*

SENATOR HANNA LAID TO REST, MOURNED BY ALL THE NATION.

IMPRESSIVE FINAL HONORS PAID TO OHIO'S GREAT STATESMAN AT THE FEDERAL CAPITAL AND HIS HOME CITY.



HOW HARD TIMES HURT THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION

By Eleanor Franklin

SEVERAL OBSCURE but well-meaning and ambitious writers on theatrical topics—myself included—have brought down upon their hapless heads the wrath of a number of likewise obscure but well-meaning press agents, by making public announcement of the indisputable fact that this season has not been as prosperous, from the box-office point of view, as many another season within the easy memory of these same writers and press agents. If writers would only have the good taste to generalize and not name names, they might say what they liked and no one's feelings would be hurt, because everybody, enveloped in the sweet sense of personal superiority, would feel sorry for everybody else and all would be serene.

But writers will name names, and the serenity that is the expression of a man's joy in himself is disturbed, and a storm of wrath ensues. Hardly ever before has there been within the memory of anybody as great a number of actors out of work at this time of the year. All one need to do is to walk down that part of Broadway known as the "Rialto" any fine day, or step into the Actors' Society, or into any manager's office, to realize what this season has been. I may be wrong in thinking that certain great managers have suffered great losses, but I venture that nobody will dispute the fact that for the actor it has been a most disastrous year.

One of our daily papers, of not unquestionable veracity, announced the other day that there are fifteen thousand actors out of employment. This must be an exaggeration; but there is an appalling number, no doubt, and it is most interesting to speculate upon what becomes of them through a long winter and longer summer, and I have tried to get definite information upon this subject, but have found it impossible to trace any individual case to the bitter end. Actors are proverbially improvident and generous, and they help each other to the last in everything; but when a great number are in difficulty some of them are sure to have to suffer. There is a pitiful sameness about all the stories one hears, a dreary monotony of uncertainty that must be maddening.

Walking down Broadway the other day I met a young chap whom I have known for years—since we were both in school, in fact. He is a fine young man; and I remember him years ago aglow with ambition to rival the greatest actors. He was a splendid student, and gave evidence of most unusual talent. Everybody urged him to adopt the stage as a profession, and as it fitted perfectly his own wishes he left his home and plunged into the mad vortex which tosses up an occasional fortunate one to enviable success, but whirls down most to unthinkable things. He took the plunge, and I hadn't heard of him for years. He had changed somewhat from the bright, clean, clever boy I had known, but I recognized him instantly.

"Hello, Bob!" I said.

He was half afraid to be glad to see me.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm on my uppers!"

"Well, I've heard that expression before in this blessed business. What's the matter? Out of an engagement?"

"Yes; closed in the middle of the season, and absolutely nothing doing anywhere."

"Well, it's a bad year, Bob. There are a good many actors on their uppers, as you say."

We had started to walk down Broadway.

"Well, aren't there just?" he exclaimed. "Do you see that chap without an overcoat? He had a fine one about three weeks ago; then one day he came down town with a lighter one on—a spring overcoat in zero weather! For two or three days I saw him that way, and of course I understood. Everybody understands and nobody says anything."

"Watches, rings, pins, and such things go first, and then when a fellow's overcoat disappears this kind of weather you know it's pretty close to a finish. Well, that chap came down without even the light overcoat yesterday, and in a day or two he will drop out altogether. That's the way it happens right along."

"Well, what becomes of them after they—drop out altogether, as you say, Bob?"

"Oh, nobody knows, and I don't think anybody ever inquires. If I had to go to a public hospital with pneumonia caused by insufficient clothing—or with a case of partial starvation—I wouldn't advertise it down the Rialto, would I? And I wouldn't want anybody to ask questions, either."

"Is that what they do?"

"Some of them; and then the cheap dry-goods stores get a lot of them at six and eight dollars a week. They are nice-looking chaps, as a rule, you know, and make a good showing."

"Yes; but these actors get such good salaries when they do work. One would think they'd save some of it."

"Oh, they do; but it doesn't take long to use it up. Every fellow thinks he will be the first to get an engagement, so he goes on at the pace he's used to, and the end comes mighty soon. And let me tell you, it is not the cheap actor who is out of it this year."

"No?"

"No; it's the big fellows who have been in the habit for years of holding out for \$80 and \$100 and \$125 a week. It seems that in the beginning of the year the managers felt this depression coming and they began to cut salaries. They made up casts and stipulated exactly how much such or such a part was worth to them. If they couldn't get the actor they wanted to fill it at that price they took the next best man, and the high-priced chap was out of it; and, what is worse, he stayed out all season. There are dozens of men and women I know who have not played a single performance this entire year, and you know how it is with an actor. He can't be anything else but an actor after he has been that a certain length of time, so you see the situation is merry Hades for some of us."

"Well, what are you going to do, Bob?"

"Do? What can a fellow do? I'm looking for an engagement—just any kind of an engagement. I used to hold out for art and ambition, and refuse parts that didn't meet my idea of what the public should see me do. I had real sentiment about it all; but yesterday I was actually turned down by the manager of a lurid melodrama, called 'To Be Buried Alive,' because I wanted more than twenty dollars a week, and I felt badly about it."

We were walking down Broadway, laughing merrily at all this. An actor will usually laugh, no matter what is happening to him. It is one of the redeeming things about this business, the fact that it engenders a merry spirit—a happy-go-lucky disposition which helps the unsuccessful days to slip easily by.

"Well, leaving this season out of it, Bob, are you getting on in the profession as you had hoped to?"

He laughed joyously.

"Oh, yes! I've developed into a real low comedian. All last year I drew a fine salary for falling on my ear in a ridiculous way that made the idiotic audiences laugh."

His voice grew bitter toward the end of this speech.

"Well," I said, comfortingly, "that is art of a certain sort."

"I call it art of a very uncertain sort for a fellow who knows, line by line, nearly every one of Shakespeare's great parts, and has been picturing himself as Hamlet for ten long, weary years."

"I'm interested to know what you are going to do about it, Bob."

"Well, I'll tell you. I'm going to learn more funny falls, and go on doing the horse-play act until I go under or arrive at the old-man period; and if any young friend of yours asks your advice

Continued on page 212



A CROWD OF "HUNDRED-DOLLAR-A-WEEK MEN" IN THE OFFICE OF THE ACTORS' SOCIETY OF AMERICA.



PATIENTLY SEEKING ENGAGEMENTS IN THE OFFICE OF A BIG VAUDEVILLE AGENCY.



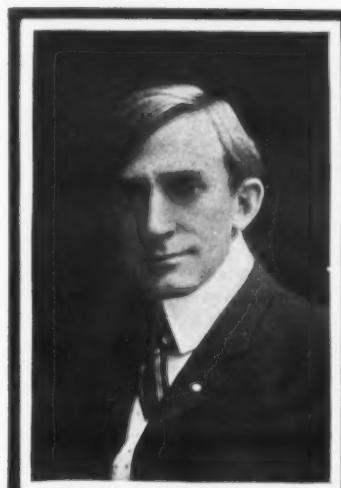
A CROWD OF UNEMPLOYED BUT HAPPY ACTORS IN THE WAITING-ROOM OF A NEW YORK MANAGER.



FLORA ZABELLE,
As Bonita in "The Yankee Consul," at
the Broadway.—Armstrong.



BESSIE WYNN,
As Tom, Tom Piper in the popular "Babes in Toyland," at the Majestic.—Windfuhr.



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK,
Who plays the name part in
"The Yankee Consul," at the Broadway.



MADAME AINO ACKTE,
The famous Parisian soprano, who recently made her American debut at the Metropolitan Opera House.—Aldin.



HELENA FREDERICK,
As Marim Worthington in "The Tenderfoot," at the New York.—Hall.



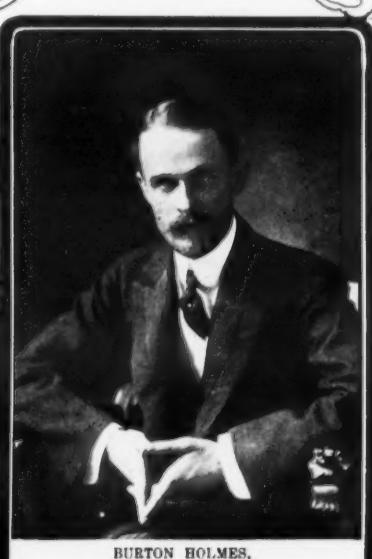
DOROTHY TENNANT AND
SANDOL MILLIKEN,
Who are playing in "Ranson's Folly" at the Hudson.—Schloss.



INEZ MACAULEY DAVIS,
In a clever comedy sketch, at Keith's.



PAUL MC ALLISTER,
Leading man at Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre.—White.



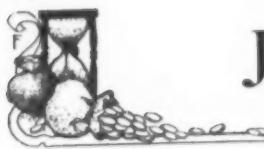
BURTON HOLMES,
The well-known lecturer delivering courses at Carnegie Hall and the New Lyceum Theatre.



PERCY AMES (IN TRUNK), ADELE RITCHIE, MAY HENGLER, CYRIL SCOTT (IN TRUNK), AND FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK, IN THE "GLITTERING GLORIA," AT DALY'S.—Byron.

MARCH'S SHARE OF AMUSEMENT NOVELTIES.

LATEST PORTRAITS OF METROPOLITAN FAVORITES—NEW AND OLD—WHO BEGUILÉ THE WANING WINTER.



Jasper's Hints to Money-makers



[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a *preferred list*, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

A VALUED correspondent calls my attention to what are known as "Benner's Prophecies for 1904." Benner is an Ohio farmer, an amateur astrologist, who has been in the habit of making predictions of various kinds for a number of years, some of which have come true and some have fallen far short of the mark. The readers of my column, during the past two years, will find that some of what are now exploited as "Benner's predictions," are analogous to those which they have had placed before them long since, so that Mr. Benner is a little late in the field. His principal predictions for 1904 are lower prices for pig iron, railroad stocks, and many commodities. Is that news to the readers of this column? Didn't they read it more than a year ago? His prediction for 1905 is a revival in trade, better times, and high prices, and he expects that high prices "will prevail until the year 1911."

I venture to predict that Mr. Benner is wrong. The success of the Republican party this year would no doubt stimulate the stock market, but the business depression upon which we are entering will not be short-lived. A change in the Federal administration would intensify it. Next year is liable to be a year of continued business depression, with probabilities of an improvement toward the close if crops are up to expectations and in demand at good prices. Of course much depends upon extraordinary happenings, such as the war in Asia. This war, in the judgment of many observant statesmen, will not be brief and decisive unless the Japanese yield more readily than is anticipated. Russia is ready to prolong it to the bitter end, and with her enormous resources may be able to do this either until Japan is compelled to yield or until other great Powers are drawn into the struggle. It is no secret that this is the gravest fear of the situation.

The well-recognized sympathy of Great Britain with the Japanese and of France with Russia leads to the fear that all these Powers may become involved, and if they are, a general European war is among the awful probabilities. Those who measure results by the strength of opposing forces believe that Russia will ultimately triumph, and that she will be insistent on teaching Japan a lesson that will be a warning to all other nations for a long time to come. If Russia, pursuing her customary selfish and unscrupulous course, undertakes to despoil Japan and dismember China and Korea, Great Britain, and perhaps the United States and Germany, will have something to say. It will be easier for the United States to assert its influence than for any other government, and it is possible that we may have to do for Japan what we did for China after the close of the Boxer outbreak, when Russia, Germany, and Great Britain were all ready to tear China to pieces and each carry away as large a portion as it could.

The grave condition in the far East, if it continues, must certainly affect our financial interests. It is probable that the money question will continue to be the most serious one confronting Wall Street. It is estimated that the war will cost Japan and Russia conjointly from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 a day while at its height, and it is easy to see that its prolongation will lead to

an enormous demand for loans for both countries. It will be difficult to borrow in the United States, and quite as difficult to borrow in the capitals of Europe, unless at high rates of interest. These high rates will give government loans precedence over railway and industrial securities not yielding a liberal profit. The result will be that foreigners will sell American securities yielding 4 per cent., which is the rate that our gilt-edged railroad bonds are paying, and will put their money in foreign loans netting better figures.

Furthermore, the rate of interest to American borrowers will be increased, which will lead to the payment of some of our loans abroad, followed by exports of gold from this country. We are certainly not in condition to send much gold abroad or to extend our loans at home, for the recent statement of our banks shows that their loans are now at almost the highest figures on record. American railroads and industrial corporations are endeavoring to float nearly \$500,000,000 in bonds to cover the exigencies of the past few years. There is little home market for these, and there will be no market abroad if the war should continue for any length of time. It is no doubt true that the public is largely out of the stock market, and that securities are mainly lodged in a few strong hands. But suppose that under the pressure of tight money these large holders are compelled to unload? Will not this be a worse situation for Wall Street than liquidation by a multitude of small holders?

The war in the East, while it may result in lower prices for our stocks and bonds, may increase the demand for our farm products and war material, and advance the prices of them accordingly. Russia is one of the great grain-exporting nations, shipping over 130,000,000 bushels of wheat, over 84,000,000 bushels of barley, 70,000,000 bushels of oats, and 60,000,000 bushels of rye in a single year. If Russia should forbid the export of her surplus during the war, a sharp rise in all of these on this side of the water would naturally follow. On the other hand, our manufacturers of flour in the Northwest are fearful that the product of their mills may be declared contraband, and that their enormous sales for consumption in the far East may be cut off. When it is realized that the Pacific coast steamers, on every trip, are taking from fifty thousand to three hundred thousand sacks of American flour, it will be seen that this trade is a matter of great importance.

There is nothing in the business outlook to specially cheer the heart of the Wall Street speculator. A war among the Western railroads, over the rate for grain, is reported, involving the Burlington, the Alton, Great Western, and others. January earnings of the railroads show a decrease for the first time in five years, and the terrific cold of the winter has been a costly burden on all railways in the East and West. I said long ago that a number of reorganizations of electric railway properties must shortly be expected, and there is significance in the official statement that only one of the eighteen electric and traction street-car companies in New Hampshire earned a dividend last year. Talk of a strike in the bituminous coal regions continues, the prices of cotton, copper, and wool are declining, the price of bituminous coal is only about half of that of a year ago, a decided reduction in the demand for jewelry and other luxuries is reported, and on all sides the tendency to economize and retrench is beginning to manifest itself. I have not changed my mind that the liquidation in Wall Street is not over, and that we shall have lower prices later on the year.

"G.," Jamaica, N. Y.: I see nothing attractive about U. S. Ship-

building common. The bonds would be safer for a speculation, as you are buying into a lawsuit.

"H.," Buffalo, N. Y.: Keep out of the market at present and note weekly advices.

"H. P.," Farmington, N. H.: 1. I do not recommend anything as an investment that offers you more than an investment security should. 2. The real-estate boom has been overdone. It all depends on whether it will be revived or not. 3. No.

"J. R. H.," New York: Preferred for one year. I would not. If the annual meeting puts the control in effective business hands, the stock should sell much higher. I do not believe reports to the effect that the Morse interests have secured control of the American Ice Company. I doubt if control is lodged anywhere except with the stockholders.

"K.," Pawtucket, R. I.: 1. It ought to be enough to say that the statement is issued in the interests of those who have a large claim against the company. The facts it gives are garbled. You should have confidence in your own committee's report. 2. Too early to say. 3. Not yet. 4. With an upright business management, yes. 5. Am told not. 6. Too early to say.

"B. B. B.," Canton: 1. Pennsylvania, L. and N., Soo common, So. Pacific, and Mo. Pacific are excellent stocks to trade in, safer, in my judgment, than B. R. T. and Erie common. All of them but So. Pacific are dividend-payers and hence easy to carry. I would not be in a hurry to get into the market heavily. 2. Wabash Debenture Bs are safer to trade in than either Wabash preferred or common. 3. It hardly seems possible that the warfare between Gould and Pennsylvania interests can be very much prolonged. Its settlement would no doubt help the Wabash.

"N. F.," Washington: 1. Lower prices are to be anticipated. A spring rise in April is not unusual. If it comes it will probably be short, pending definite knowledge of crop prospects later on. 2. Impossible to say as to any specific stock. 3. I am not regarding Mexican Central with great favor. Strong speculators are manipulating it for a rise. 4. Republican success at the presidential election would no doubt be helpful to the stock market, because Democratic success would mean a radical change in the administration, and lead to doubt and uncertainty—always a bad thing for Wall Street.

"L.," Madison, O.: It is utterly preposterous to believe that the wheat fund syndicate in New York, to which you allude as paying 100 per cent. per annum, can last. Inquirers for information are plainly told, as you are in your own letter, that if your money is lost there will be no obligation on the part of the pool. As long as a large crop of new foals is born every day to pour its money into the coffers of the pool, so that it receives more than it pays out, it will continue to pay; but, like all other get-rich-quick concerns, when the golden stream begins to let up, something will be heard to drop, and it will be the poor dupes of the concern.

"Alpha," Louisville: Preference continued for six months. 1. If the Iron Mt. refunding 4s were strictly an investment bond they would not sell at present figures. All bonds of this character have declined. I would not be in a hurry to average up, unless the money market eases. I do not like the looks of the action in passing the interest on the T. and P. second incomes. An intimation has been given out that possibly the purpose was to depress the refunding 4s and other securities, but I do not believe it is. 2. The guarantee of 7 per cent. on Manhattan Elevated begins in 1906. Meanwhile 7 per cent. is to be paid if earned. It has been more than earned and has been paid regularly.

"Let," Syracuse: Preference continued for six months. 1. Outside of the belief that the Erie Railroad may profit by some new combination under Morgan auspices, there is nothing in its earnings or prospects to justify the high prices at which it has been selling. The fact that the 4 per cent. bonds, convertible into common stock, have not been absorbed by investors has been disclosed. Many believe that the common stock was put at high figures to make these bonds more attractive. 2. Republic Steel preferred is said to be intrinsically worth prevailing prices. There is no bonded debt ahead of it, and a large amount of money has been expended on improvements. A revival of business in the iron trade might set this concern on its feet. I would not sacrifice at present.

"P.," Buffalo: One dollar received. You are on my preferred list for three months. 1. The loss of the American Ice Company by the Baltimore fire will not amount to more than three thousand dollars. Its office building was rented and the loss therein is confined to the furniture. One of its large wharves was damaged and a 1,200-ton ice-house was burned. Strangely enough, the ice was, for the most part, still merchantable, and was sold at almost its cost. The demand for wharves and storage property caused by the fire has given the American Ice Company an unexpected chance to secure high rentals for some of its superfluous property in Baltimore, and, on the whole, the company will be a gainer by the fire. 2. The effect of the Eastern war on American shipping interests, and especially on Mer. Marine, ought to be beneficial.

"H. H. C.," New York: 1. Chicago Union Traction could not be cheaper without going out of sight. There is always the risk of paying assessments on such low-priced shares. 2. The terrific cold of the winter has been very hard on the N. Y. Central and other Eastern railroads. When great corporations are paying 5 per cent. for temporary loans, New York Central stock paying 5 per cent. does not look cheap at prevailing prices. 3. I prefer New York Central to Pennsylvania as an investment at present. 4. Soo common, paying 4 per cent. and selling around 60, is not in the best investment class. The preferred is. 5. I see nothing attractive about Gt. Western common, especially in view of the rate war in which the road is engaged. I would dispose of it at the first favorable opportunity, though you need not sell it at a loss. 6. Not a bit. All such bureaus are fakes. 7. Colo. Southern first preferred, paying 2 per cent. semi-annually, is a good way from an investment. I doubt if the present rate of dividends will be continuous. 8. Nothing at present. 9. Seaboard Air Line has had a severe decline and is nearer its natural level than some other low-priced non-dividend-paying railroad shares.

Continued on following page.

How Hard Times Hurt the Theatrical Profession.

Continued from page 210.

about going on the stage, tell him to get a good job in a grocery store."

We said a great many other things, this young man and I, and he wasn't so bitter against it all when I bade him good-bye at the door of a theatrical agency, where there was a cast being made up for another lurid melodrama. This is only one year, anyway, and adversity, if rightly appreciated, will do as much as anything else in this world to make one successful. And anyway, in everything the best man wins. It often looks as if this were not true, but I guess it is, and all of us find our level in the world, sooner or later, whether we like it or not.

Now, there are of course reasons for this terrible state of affairs in the dramatic profession, and that is the thing which so many newspaper paragraphers have been trying to get at all the season. I read the other day, in a queer little sheet which blows into the office semi-occasionally, that if a few thousand more bad actors were unemployed the world would be better off, and that seven-tenths of all the interpreters of dramatic literature could be dispensed with to the lasting benefit of the country. Well, so could seven-tenths of the alleged critics and the misplaced editors. So could seven-tenths of those busy men and women who flood the world with worthless literature; but who is going to do the weeding in this tangled garden of work? Who is going to say which is the rare flower and which is the rank weed? Our hysterical little editor of the funny little sheet from up State? Perhaps he himself, or even I or you, might put forth

a blossom one day whose breath would sweeten a moment for somebody. For that we are part of the army of workers whose life and religion is work.

When the Iroquois Theatre burned in Chicago, every actor in that city was thrown out of employment. Most of them were strangers in a strange city, and I venture the assertion that at least two-thirds of them had not the wherewithal to pay two weeks' expenses. That was one cause of the present situation. When the Iroquois Theatre burned, many another city closed the doors of some theatre or number of theatres, and every theatre door that closed shut out a little band of players. There has been an undeniable, if inexplicable, depression in the theatrical business ever since the season opened, and consequently one road company after another has closed and its members been thrown back upon their own resources, which are usually so pitifully slender. One play after another in New York has closed because of bad business, and the metropolitan actors who get such good salaries and are, as a rule, so improvident may now be seen lolling about the clubs and in the theatres with a worried look in their eyes which seems to anticipate a hard summer.

There never has been such an opportunity as the present for stage-struck young men and women to become disillusioned. The schools of acting are turning out recruits every year, and as many this year, alas! as ever before. Managers are learning that they can get good, well-trained actors for small salaries because the competition is closer than it has ever been, and the time has come when only one thing can

make an actor more valuable than his fellows, and that is in reputation that will draw money into the box-office. I know one young man in New York to-day who is getting \$100 a week for playing a little simple part that a raw recruit from a dramatic school who could wear a soldier's uniform and carry a sword gracefully could play just as well for twenty-five a week and be glad to give the best of himself to the task. But my young friend signed a three-years' contract three years ago, when business was brisk, and that explains it. Next year he will "hold out" for one hundred dollars a week because he has become a one-hundred-dollar-a-week actor; but unless he finds a one-hundred-dollar-a-week part and can "make good" in it, he will have to take a smaller salary or do nothing—and there are such a lot of fine fellows after the hundred-dollar parts.

The fact of the matter is, it is not the business it used to be. The public has become too familiar with its inner workings and its glamour is growing dim. "Seven-tenths of the bad actors" will probably eventually become useful members of some less ornamental profession, and then maybe conditions will begin to grow better. Will they? Is there ever a solution for such a problem? Does the oversupply ever grow less? Does it ever grow less a question? I doubt it. Meantime, what becomes of these thousands of men and women with the fatal artistic temperament; these men and women who demand so much of life, who have lived so much of life, and are capable of such keen suffering, and who are now forced to meet face to face for the first time the bitter problem of gaining a mere subsistence?

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

Continued from page 212.

"Huntsville," Ala.: Answer by mail.
"Ranier," Wash.: Answer by letter.
"W. H. M." Preferred for one year.
"L. L. P." Omaha: Answer by letter.
"C." Charleroi, Penn.: Do not advise it.
"C." Lebanon, Penn.: Yes, undoubtedly.

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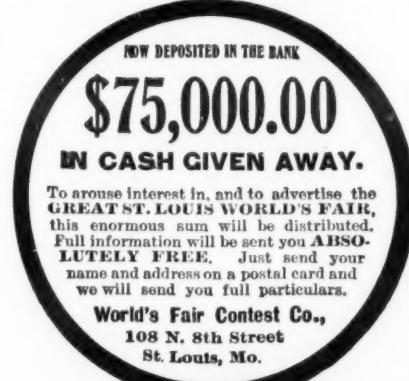
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"W." Detroit: Cannot confirm the rumor.
"S." St. Joe, Mo.: Preferred for six months.
"H." Cornwall: Preferred for three months.
"X. Y. Z." Brooklyn: Not on my preferred list.
"New Haven," Conn.: I do not believe the report.
"E." Philadelphia: Preference continued for one year.

"E." Worcester, Mass.: Preference continued for six months.
"M." Minneapolis: At present the third stock mentioned.

"W. H. P." Washington: Preference continued for six months.

"J. A. L." New York: In the order you mention them, all have favor.

"N. H." So. Dartmouth: I regard the Burlington 4 per cents, as all right.

"McC." So. Lawrence, Mass.: Preference continued for three months.

"T." Bluefield, W. Va.: Four dollars received.

Preferred for one year.

"K." Tidioute, Penn.: 1. Not very good. 2. No; reports not satisfactory.

"J." Goshen, N. Y.: Proxy will be handed to chairman, as requested.

"S. St." New York: Chicago Terminal preferred sold last year as low as 15. I would wait.

"F." Derry, Penn.: Preference continued for three months. I do not understand your question.

"G." Pittsburg: Crucible Steel, with a revival of the iron trade, ought to do better. This is no time to sacrifice it.

"R." East Chicago, Ind.: Little is known about either on Wall Street and I am unable to secure satisfactory reports.

"H." Kennett Square, Penn.: I would wait for a rally before disposing of my Southern Pacific and my Ont. and Western.

"McK." New York: 1. I would hold it for the outcome of the annual meeting. 2. A 10-point margin is not safe in such a market.

"S." Pittsburg: Preferred for three months. Keep out of the market except on declines. Note weekly suggestions.

"G." Elmo, N. Y.: Two dollars received. You are on my preferred list for six months. 1. Do not advise it. Certainly not as an investment.

"X. Y. Z." Brooklyn: Read the introductory note at the head of my department. You are not on my preferred list, and therefore not entitled to answers.

"Alder." Canton: Preferred for six months. I doubt it very much, if what I hear about the composition of the new board is true. It promises to be very strong.

"T." Middletown, Conn.: Preferred for three months. I would not sacrifice Ice common or Mexican Central, but would take what I could get for the others.

"R. W." Philadelphia: I advise members of my preferred list only, and there is only one way to get on the list, as the introductory note of this department points out.

"G." Richmond: 1. Do not believe it to be true. 2. Yes; the value of the stock will depend upon the management. 3. Note suggestions weekly. 4. I agree with your conclusion.

"B." Camden, N. J.: I would not sell it excepting at a profit, and if the proposed plan for improving the management is carried out it should sell higher, perhaps much higher, within the year.

"A." Chicago, Ill.: If C. W. Morse or any one else has obtained control of the American Ice Company he will have to produce the proxies at the annual meeting to prove it. I do not believe he can.

"P." Philadelphia: 1. Yes; if the company's management is continued on a business basis. 2. Do a large business, but I would advise securing a report from a mercantile agency. 3. A "call" might be.

"E. J. G." San Francisco: 1. I doubt it. 2. No reason why it should. 3. Yes. Read my weekly comments. 4. Only so far as the advice to purchase the common is concerned. 5. I do not think so. 6. No; if you are patient.

"Conservative": 1. Address your inquiry directly to the secretary of the corporation. 2. I would rather have the Steel Trust bonds than the preferred stock. 3. West Shore 4s meet all the requirements. 4. Your figures seem to be correct.

"M. M." Providence, R. I.: Stockholders are not required to bring their stock with them at annual meetings. If their names appear on the books, there is usually some method by which they can prove their identity, but even this is not required, as a rule.

"X. Y. Z." Port Henry, N. Y.: 1. The Long Island 4 per cents, guaranteed by the Pennsylvania are reasonably safe. 2. The West Shore 4s are as good as any investment bond and yield almost 4 per cent. 3. Look for lower prices within the year, as conditions and prospects are now.

"X. T. N." So. Bethlehem, Penn.: 1. Texas and Pacific Land Trusts are intrinsically worth more than Texas and Pacific shares. You may be able to make the exchange some day. 2. I have recently mentioned several low-priced stocks that looked attractive. Read my column more carefully.

"N. N." Pensacola: Ice proxy has been forwarded. Any proxy you may sign before the annual meeting on March 8th will be effective. The last one signed will supersede any others you may have given, hence the necessity of carefully dating your proxy and filling it out with the number of shares and the signature.

"S." Far Rockaway, N. Y.: An effort is making to secure the concurrence of all conflicting interests in the selection of a very strong board of directors for the American Ice Company. If this should be successful no one would care to sacrifice his shares after the annual meeting, for all would expect much better things.

"S. St." New York: Norfolk and Western does not look dead at 57. It sold at 80 in 1902, and last year at 76 and down to 53. It pays 3 per cent, and was earning much more when bituminous coal was in demand at twice the present price. I see nothing particularly attractive about it and would rather have Soo common.

"Hen." Chicago: Preferred for six months. 1. Toledo, St. L. and Western ought to profit substantially by the world's fair travel. It is a snug little property and its acquirement by one of the strong competing lines is among the possibilities of the year. 2. I would rather have Can preferred for speculation than the common.

"L. B." Williamsbridge, N. Y.: Amer. Malting preferred sold last year as high as 24, and as low as 14. It has had such a great shrinkage and it is reporting such good business, that it does not look dear at prevailing prices, but there is no haste to buy. Amer. Hide and Leather sold last year as high as 37 and as low as 10. Its reports are favorable.

"Alex." Danville, Penn.: The new board will probably have to include some of the old who have been on the conservative side, but who have been borne down by controlling influences. The directors in 1902 were O. Dennett, R. W. Hopkins, D. W. Hunt, W. M. Oler, J. R. Bennett, J. D. Schoonmaker, I. O. Blake, E. D. Haley, H. M. Head, R. A. Scott.

"B." Zanesville, O.: Four dollars received and preference continued for one year. Corn Products preferred ought to be secure as long as it pays dividends both on the preferred and common, but United States Leather preferred has had longer record as a dividend-payer and a large amount of cumulative dividends in arrears. Both are regarded favorably.

"Anxious Scot": The telephone stocks earn and pay their dividends, but American Telephone has had a serious decline, perhaps due to the fact that it now talks of borrowing a large amount for various purposes. In view of its heavy earnings, this demand for a large loan is discouraging. If the market should have a panicky fall, I would even up. Meanwhile wait.

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Big Bodies of Free-milling Ore.

[This series of short articles on the subject of free-milling, low-grade gold ores was begun in the issue of February 4th, and are furnished by The National Underwriting Company, New York Life Building, New York. This company is the acknowledged headquarters for information regarding Thunder Mountain mining matters.]

(Continued from last week.)

LOOKING over the great fortunes of the present day, one is surprised to find that so many of them have been built on mines. A large portion of such fortunes began with mines, and those great aggregations of wealth which had their origin in trade in railroads, etc., have, almost without exception, added to their possessions some big mining property.

In these facts is found the proof that all the wealth of the world comes out of the earth. The older governments of Europe own the most valuable mining properties themselves and sell "concessions" to companies to operate. Some governments operate their own mines.

The names which belong to our own country and the names of foreign houses, all of which are synonymous for wealth, such as the Rockefellers, the Mackays, the Hearsts, the Rothschilds, all are great miners. Wherever big interests own gold mines these days it will be found that the class of mine which they take hold of is the low-grade free-milling proposition, which can be depended upon to produce regular dividends for years. This class of mining is not quite so spectacular as the discovery of big nuggets, but it makes solid, enduring fortunes.

The great ore bodies of the Thunder Mountain gold ore district of Idaho are being generally conceded to be the most attractive free-milling low-grade fields yet discovered, and many wealthy interests have taken up large sections, buying right and left in the free-milling zone. These interests so secured for the very rich thus are placed way out of reach of ordinary investors, who have a few thousand or a few hundred and would like to place it where it could produce more than a savings-bank return. There is one company in the heart of the Thunder Mountain free-milling district which is selling stock to complete its first milling equipment, and shares are now being subscribed for at twenty cents. The shares of this company are to be withdrawn absolutely from the market in the month of March, and the subscriptions that are now received are the last ones required to complete the equipment.

The name of this company is the Thunder Mountain Climax Gold Mining Company, and it has as clean a slate as it is possible to find. It promises territory upon which development shows actual possession of millions of tons of free-milling gold ore of a grade running from four to ten dollars per ton, with occasional spurts into big figures.

The surroundings of the Climax are the best in the entire district, and it is a fact that thirty-five acres of its property is one mass of ore, from the grass roots down into the mountain, no one knows how far.

Those who wish to know more particularly about the Climax Company, and about Thunder Mountain free-milling ores in general, are invited to call or correspond with the National Underwriting Company, New York Life Building, New York City.

(Continued next week.)

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at the annual meeting the stock ought to be worth more than the selling price. 4. It is not wise to sell short on a market which is severely depressed, but rather on a smart rise. 5. No transactions in Wall Street. 6. U. S. Realty, Republic Steel, and Amer. Ice company are all fair speculative purchases.

"P." Brooklyn: 1. All that can possibly be said in behalf of the Wabash shares is embraced in a letter on the subject which is being sent out by H. B. Ruch & Co., 222 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburg, Penn.

It contains a lot of information, facts, and figures, and a copy will be sent you without charge, if you will write for it and mention LESLIE'S WEEKLY. 2. The value of the information regarding the American Ice Company which F. S. Colton & Co. are sending out from Boston, may be inferred from the fact that their circular says that the report of the regular stockholders' committee, which has received such widespread and favorable commendation, was "gotten up more to antagonize the other committee than for any other purpose."

As only one committee of the stockholders was named at the annual meeting, and as no "other committee" exists, excepting the self-constituted Wall Street committee, the value of the Colton document may be inferred. Stockholders of the American Ice Company will find in the report made by the stockholders' committee accurate and reliable information. They should not be misled by anything else.

NEW YORK, February 25th, 1904. JASPER.

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MISS PAULA RALPH,
One of Germany's best and most popular singers.

of music will be surprised to learn that Miss Paula Ralph, a favorite and handsome opera singer of Germany, arrived in this city lately and is likely to appear soon before New York audiences. Many Americans while abroad have heard Miss Ralph sing, and have been impressed with her graces of person and her powers as a vocalist. The songstress is a native of Austria and received her musical education in Vienna and Berlin under eminent instructors. She made her début in opera at Breslau, and afterward filled engagements in leading European cities. At Hamburg the late Sir Augustus Harris listened to Miss Ralph, was charmed with her voice and her histrionic ability, and engaged her for Covent Garden, London, where she sang for four successive seasons, both in Wagnerian and other operas, winning general praise from critics and from public. She also was very successful as a concert singer. Miss Ralph has studied many rôles, and her répertoire is extensive. How highly she is honored at home is shown by the encomiums lavished upon her by the critical German press and the fact that she was for a time ducal court singer at Saxe-Altenburg. That New York opera-goers have a great treat in prospect in Miss Ralph's appearance is beyond doubt.

Business Chances Abroad.

THE LITTLE state of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, is neither very large nor very rich in any sense of the term, but such trade as it has to offer is worth getting. Here, as elsewhere, our interests are suffering from the lack of direct steamship communication, the consequence being that most of the Liberian trade is going to England, France, and Germany. The Liberian lumber industry offers, perhaps, the largest and most promising opportunity for American investment, and a concession for its development can be obtained by any substantial American syndicate. A like opportunity offers for the cultivation of cotton in Liberia. Within the last two or three years the Germans in Togoland, and the English in Lagos, have been experimenting in cotton growing with good results, and as Liberia is in the same physical belt as Lagos there is no reason why similar results should not be obtained from like efforts. The natives have, from time immemorial, raised cotton and made their own cloth, hence

To Cure a Cold on the Lungs, and to prevent pneumonia, take Piso's Cure for Consumption.

A Link Missing.

Stella—“Is she a friend of yours?”
Bella—“How can I tell? We haven't one mutual acquaintance.”

RING up your grocer and ask for a box of Champagne wafers and some Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

SOHMER & Co., the great Piano firm, can point with pride to the magnificent endorsement their instruments have received at the hands of the best native and foreign musical artists.

there need not be any “experiment” outlay. Liberia just now holds the attention of the mining world. While the American capitalist and mining investor has lost much by inactivity and lack of interest in the known resources of this republic, there are yet fields for profitable investment left open.

AS FREQUENTLY noted in these columns, the chances for a ready and profitable trade in American goods are nowhere better than in South Africa, and the conditions are improving all the time. This is particularly true of Johannesburg and other parts of the Transvaal, where business has largely recovered from the effects of the war and is now fairly booming again. Johannesburg itself has recently voted to expend about \$2,400,000 on a new drainage system, and this offers a good opportunity for the sale of pipes and toilet and bathroom accessories, in the production of which our manufacturers excel. The only competitors of note which the United States has in this line are the English, and their products do not equal the American products. It is to be regretted that our novelties and improved productions in the plumbers' trade, so greatly superior to those of any other country, are not known in the Old World, where improvements in building, especially in sanitary arrangements, are steadily advancing. In this regard a favorable opening in the cities of South Africa is presented to our manufacturers and contractors.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address “Hermit,” LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

ONE of the latest funerals in the never-ending mortuary record of the fraternal insurance orders was that of the Golden Rule Alliance, a Boston fraternal association organized in 1880 by ministers, and in which only members of evangelical churches were eligible to benefits. The last sad rites were performed at the instance of the Massachusetts insurance department, and the Supreme Court will consider a petition for an injunction from further business and the appointment of a receiver. There will be little or nothing left, it is believed, to divide up among the mourners. The whole trouble was that the Alliance was not able to live up to its name, and do unto others as others did unto it. It should go without saying, although it does not appear to do so, that neither a good name nor good intentions are sufficient to build up a safe, sound, and enduring insurance business. Honesty and good faith on the part of the managers of an insurance organization are valuable assets, but excellent and essential as they are, they cannot take the place, for instance, of a reserve fund nor of such other guarantees and safeguards as must necessarily enter into the make-up of every regular insurance company.

“E.” New York: Preference always given to subscribers.

“E.” Reading, Penn.: Yes; you can secure an annuity from almost any of the large companies.

“J. K.” Johnstown: Both the New England companies have merit, and it is not always well to carry all your eggs in one basket. Why not divide up your insurance accordingly?

“G.” Pensacola, Fla.: 1. If you like that form of insurance there is no objection to it. 2. Not a very large company, but seems to be doing a growing business. 3. It is difficult to say, as the forms of contract differ.

“H.” Philadelphia: My opinion of the fraternal order to which you allude is the same as I have of all assessment associations, and that is unfavorable, if you have regard solely to the life-insurance feature. My reasons for this have been repeatedly given.

“A. B. A.” Marine City, Mich.: I regard the Provident Savings, according to its annual reports, as a progressive and prosperous company. There is no reason why you should make the change excepting to add to the commission of the agent who recommends it.

“D.” Boston: 1. The gold endowment policy of the Prudential is all right. 2. An international war would have to be very much prolonged and universally disastrous to seriously affect any of the great life-insurance companies in this country. I doubt if such a possibility exists.

“D. W.” Bristol, R. I.: In stating that no solvent insurance company could offer a middle-aged person a policy of \$2,000 for \$2 a month, I did not refer to “term insurance.” I understood the question to relate to a straight-life policy. I have no doubt that many a sick man totally unfit for life insurance might be insured for a short “term.” I did not refer to such exceptional instances.

“L. W.” Newburg, N. Y.: In stating that no solvent insurance company could offer a middle-aged person a policy of \$2,000 for \$2 a month, I did not refer to “term insurance.” I understood the question to relate to a straight-life policy. I have no doubt that many a sick man totally unfit for life insurance might be insured for a short “term.” I did not refer to such exceptional instances.

“L. W.” Bristol, R. I.: Your inquiries are not entirely intelligible. I think it would be wiser to talk with an insurance agent in whom you have confidence, so as to understand your ground better. I doubt if such a policy as your letter seems to inquire about can be issued, but possibly I do not understand you correctly. 2. The Mutual Life ought to be satisfactory. No company is better.

The Hermit.

I Grow Hair In One Night."

Famous Doctor-Chemist Has Discovered a Secret Compound That Grows Hair on Any Bald Head.



DISCOVERER OF THIS MAGIC COMPOUND THAT GROWS HAIR IN A SINGLE NIGHT.

He sends a trial package of his new and wonderful remedy free by mail to convince people it actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff and quickly restores luxuriant growth to shining scalps, eyebrows and eyelashes and restores the hair to its natural color. Send your name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 1504 Fuso Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, for a free trial package, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage. Write to-day.

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In the World of Sports.

Continued from page 206.

for this section possesses a large number of golfers of national reputation, and some of those who condemned the match-play system at the meeting are members of the national association's executive committee. The chief question now is, How many holes will the qualifying round be? Popular opinion seems to favor a qualifying round of thirty-six holes. This was the plan previous to the adoption of the eighteen-hole qualifying round, in which sixty-four qualified at the championship at Glen View, Chicago, in 1902. That method was unpopular, and is not likely to be repeated. The reason for the shortening of the medal round was to obviate the difficulties incident upon over a hundred players trying to finish a thirty-six-hole round on the opening day. This has always given trouble; for with the enormous entry list of the amateur championship a start as early as sunrise is necessary, and lucky are the tail-enders if they finish at the setting sun. All sorts of suggestions have been offered to remedy the difficulties, and it has been proposed that seven days be devoted to the championship, a suggestion that would doubtless be received with horror by the English players, who were forced last year to add an extra day to their own championship, making it five days, owing to the large entry list. The English golfers have always used the entire match-play system, but only the last rounds are thirty-six holes.

"PENN'S" NEW FOOTBALL POLICY.—Pennsylvania's failure to succeed on the gridiron last season has led the football authorities at the university to decide on a change in the coaching policy for next season. Carl Williams, who was

Abbott's Angostura Bitters.

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To Customers and Friends:

Our warehouse and laboratory at No. 17 South Charles Street was destroyed by the great fire of Sunday, February 7th, which will necessitate our asking some indulgence of our customers. The limited stock saved, and which can be procured, we propose to distribute, that all may be served. This temporary plant will be in thorough working order within a month. It is our intention to erect a new and more commodious laboratory on the old site as soon as debris can be cleared away and new survey made.

While our mercantile community has received a severe blow, energetic methods already adopted give promise that a larger, better equipped, more prosperous city will arise out of the ashes. The beautiful side of this visitation is the magnanimous offers of help from so many sources.

Let us have your orders; we may, and probably will, only ship part of it at once. Quality must not be sacrificed, which is the main reason for asking this indulgence of small shipments for while.

Any report that may tend to divert your business from us we hope you will contradict.

Thanking you for past favors, we remain,

Yours truly,
C. W. ABBOTT & CO.

head coach last season, will again be in charge of the squad, but he will not have so many details to attend to, nor will he be in absolute charge of the squad, as he will be assisted by a board of graduate coaches and the captain of the team as well. Williams will be supreme on the gridiron, but off the field consultations will be held with the graduate coaches and the captain as regards the general style of play, training, and methods to be used. This policy will, it is thought, result in the betterment of the team's ability and restore the Quakers to a higher football rank.

LACROSSE COMING TO ITS OWN.—The recent movement to consolidate the lacrosse interests among the colleges was a step forward in sport, for lacrosse is a grand game and deserves all the encouragement it can get. In the past lacrosse has been played rather unsystematically in America, and although two organizations have had their championship series of games each year, the interest in the sport has been by no means general enough to classify it as one of the country's leading athletic diversions. By amalgamating the intercollegiate and interuniversity associations and then gradually taking in new members from year to year, the lacrosse enthusiasts hope to increase the patronage of the game until it is played at all the larger educational centres, as well as by all the city athletic clubs. The institutions included in the interuniversity association are Harvard, Cornell, and Columbia universities, and the University of Pennsylvania. Those in the intercollegiate are Lehigh University, Swarthmore College, Johns Hopkins University, and Stevens Institute.

Special Prizes for Amateur Photographs.

ATTENTION is called to five new special pictorial contests in which the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY are invited to engage. A prize of \$10 will be given for the picture, sent in not later than March 13th, which most successfully represents the Easter season; a prize of \$10 for the most striking Decoration Day illustration forwarded by May 9th next; a prize of \$10 for the finest Fourth of July picture reaching us by June 12th; a prize of \$10 for the most acceptable Thanksgiving Day picture coming to hand by November 1st; and a prize of \$10 for the picture, arriving by December 4th, which reveals most satisfactorily the spirit of the Christmas-tide. These contests are all attractive, and should bring out many competitors.

THE "CAMERA NUMBER" CONTEST.

All amateur photographers are invited to compete in a special prize contest arranged for the "Camera Number" of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, to be issued on April 28th. The entries will close on April 8th. No restriction is placed on the themes of the photographs to be submitted. For the best picture on any subject whatever, intended for this contest and sent to this office by April 8th, a prize of \$10 will be awarded; for the next in merit a prize of \$5; while \$2 each will be paid for all other pictures accepted. The honor and the profit of winning in this competition should stimulate our most skillful amateur artists to their best efforts.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of \$5 for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and to that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and \$1 will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the makers. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Matte-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not.

N. B.—All communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine" or other publications having no connection with LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS 25 CTS

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Speed 12 to 35 miles. Sizes 30 to 70 feet, using our own new design, the "Speedway" Gasoline Motor.

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If You Have Rheumatism

and will write to the Magic Foot Draft Co., Courtland St., Jackson, Mich., mentioning this paper, they will send you a pair of their foot drafts, free on approval, to try. If you are satisfied with the benefit received from the drafts, you are expected to send one dollar to pay for them. It not, send nothing. You decide. This Company claims to have cured many prominent people in every country on earth with their simple, cheap remedy. They all get the drafts without paying a cent in advance, and you can now do the same.

Handsome New American Offices of John Dewar & Sons.

On Monday, Feb. 13th, were opened, in the Knickerbocker Trust Building, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, the new American offices of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., of Perth, Scotland, and London, England, makers of the famous "Dewar's Scotch" whisky. In the arrangement of the space and the scheme of the decoration great taste has been displayed. Elegant simplicity was the suggestion made to Mr. Hester, the decorator. As to the effect obtained the offices will have to be seen to fully appreciate the result. The general color tone is in the golden olives, and this tone is not only kept on the walls, but prevails in the woodwork, which is done in the real golden oak.

Mr. Glassup's office is carried out in the Colonial style, all the woodwork being of rich, veined mahogany, and the panels of selected crotch mahogany rubbed out to a dull polish. Desk, chairs and coat cabinet follow the same lines. It will be necessary to see this room to appreciate its genuine beauty.

Mr. Frederick Glassup, the American manager, though a Londoner by birth, has been in this country for many years and has become closely identified with the business and social life of New York City. His corps of assistants is ample, and the American interests of Messrs. Dewar & Sons could not be in better hands.

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is uncertain—so is your future. You can't control the weather, but you can control your own future.

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Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ample pair, Silk 90c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price,
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